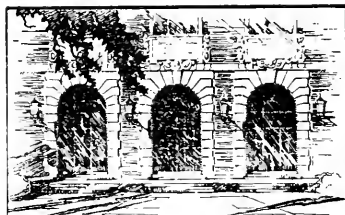


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THE
ABDUCTION;
OR, THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MAJOR SARNEY.

A STORY OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES THE SECOND

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE ABDUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

I learn, in this letter, that Don Pedro, of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

“THE quodlings aren’t a bit bigger for all de fine weather dey’ve had this week past. What bate is’t you’ve on, Mark?”

“Troth, father, and that’s true what yer saying—they don’t grow wid the weather a bit, for I’ve tried ’em wid muscles an’ cockles, ay, an’ as good maggots as passable; but, bad luck to ’em, nothing will plase the ould ones; an’ so I’m just after offering ’em a bit o’ demselves be way o’ a temptation.”

“Och! you may as well offer ’em de tatters o’ your gaskins, me jewel—there’s nare a one worth de aiting among ’em. But what schooner’s dat in de bay, wid white sails, close in be de Howth shore yonder?”

“Fait, now, an’ dat’s just a question I’ve

been boddering myself about for de last half glass, father, but for de soul o' me, I be not able to find her out at all at all."

"Garry! an' she's outlandish be de jib, or am no me father's own son, that's ould Michael Brennan that was—an' it may be she's waiting a pilot, tho', be de Holy! Mishter Patrick O'Sullivan an' his rowers be over much fond o' de usquebaugh, an' de more so after Mass—Heaven forgive 'em for it!—to be caring for what heaves in sight so far below Dunleary. But kape an eye on de schooner, *for dat reason*, Mark, my darling,—there will be good moonshine overhead in a twinkling, an' it may be, something will happen."

This conversation passed between father and son; and the old man departed, leaving the younger to obey his parental injunctions.

The scene is Dublin bay, and its southern shore, immediately under the well-known hill of Killeny, upon which Mark Brennan and his only son, of the same name, rented a few acres of stony land, whereon they cultivated a few barrels of dwarf oats and barley; pastured, or rather kept alive and no more, a score or two of black-faced sheep, with the produce of whose wool, in conjunction with the corn, they were enabled to meet the demands of the

middle-man, and obtain for themselves scanty clothing, and a precarious subsistence.

The time is a Sunday evening in the end of September, ****, about that lingering hour, precious to lovers, when the equinoctial twilight settles either into the darkness of the night, or is lost in the bright beams of the harvest moon. The younger Brennan,—who had betaken himself to the rocky sea-side, partly for the innocent purpose of catching a few tender codlings or haddock-fry for the evening's repast, and partly for another purpose, of which his father knew nothing,—had begun now, more earnestly than before, to reconnoitre the motions of the vessel, which, he did not fail to remark, had stood *off and on* between the Howth and Killeny shores, all the afternoon, and was at this moment much closer to the beach than the wind or the nature of the tide required.

Two ideas crossed the mind of Mark at this instant, both of which had relation to the private expectations and personal interests of no less a personage than himself.

“Mayhap,” said the rogue to himself, “this is one of your Nedderlanders, that now and then pay us Irish a friendly visit, laden with tobacco, Hollands, and Canary, in spite of

the King's laws ;—or, by St. Loi!" and here he crossed himself, " who knows but it's some clinker Frenchman, with Burgundy and brandy, and who, if he has not seen Ireland before, may *passably* mistake *ould* Dan O'Learie's lime-kiin for the *ould* light of Dunleary." Here he cast a sullen look at the moon, which then shone with considerable brightness, and continued—" Or it may be the —, no matter for that—he is welcome to Ireland, come from what quarter of God's earth he may."

The vessel which so much interested the peasant was apparently a French schooner of about eighty tons burthen, of a very handsome frame, purposely moulded for quick sailing. She anon neared the spot where he lay ; and as the shore in that part of the bay is remarkably steep, she had an abundance of water to within a few cables' length of the land. At this distance, her fore-sheet was speedily backed, the rest of her sails furled, and a boat lowered and manned with four rowers, who landed upon the beach a tall masculine personage, closely wrapped in a dark-coloured camblet cloak, and carrying in his right hand something which, in the apprehension of the sheep-feeder, could be nothing else than a brass blunderbuss, or some

other weapon of defence, peculiar to the country and the period. The boat, without any delay, pulled towards the ship, which soon afterwards stood out for sea.

The stranger strode over the rough stones of the coast with what facility he could, now and then stopping to take a survey of the country, towards which he seemed to bend his course, and turning to bestow, as it were, a farewell glance on the schooner, already skipping over the blue ripples of the estuary. The autumnal moon sailed along the bespangled vault, lighting up a lovely scene of heathy hill and grassy plain—of granite rocks which had stood the pelting of the elements from the creation—of the white sand sparkling on the shore, and the white-bearded wave glittering on the sea.

From the direction he was taking, Brennan saw that the stranger must inevitably pass by the place where he lay ; and therefore how to regulate the *entrée*, for the personal convenience of each, was rather a puzzling question in such a situation. Brennan thought that to cling closer and flatter to the grey rock, in order to avoid being observed, till he should first have a fair view of the stranger, might possibly lead to disagreeable consequences, and

put him in some danger of getting a French bullet—whether French, Dutch, or English, was of little difference—through his head; and he consequently determined to make a virtue of necessity, as many brave men, not of the house of Brennan, had done before him, and, by boldly approaching, be the first to offer the accustomed salutations of the night.

“A blessed evening to yer honour, thank God for it,” shouted the Killeny sheep-feeder; “what speed among the quodlings, an’ plase you?”

The gentleman, who, unconscious of the presence of any one, was musing upon greater living things than codlings, started involuntarily at the voice that addressed him.

“Good evening—good evening,” at length he muttered, recovering from his surprise; and, perceiving Mark in the profoundest attitude of politeness—“Can you show me, friend, the nearest and best path to the King’s highway?”

“Och, then, your honour,” replied Mark, “is, may-be, a stranger in these parts; an’ if ye be, der’s no one readier to lend you a hand than meself;—I thought your honour had been springing the whittings, an’ walking home slowly wid the matter o’ the big load o’em

you had caught ;—bad luck to them, it's more than can be said be meself, for, be de Hoky! they nibbled as primly at my hooks as if dey'd known I'd wanted to make a present of 'em to Mishtress O'Learie, good woman."

"No, friend," replied the stranger "I am no fisher of fish—I crossed the bay a short while ago—am desirous to reach Dublin to-night—and as thou art a stout fellow, and hast the face of an honest one, here is a few *thirteens* for thee, to buy thy supper to-night and breakfast in the morning, provided you feel inclined to pilot me to the castle—for marry, I see I am more strange in this vicinity than my judgment foretold me."

Brennan pouched the silver with a promptitude not surprising in one of his condition; reflecting all the while that this occurrence had the appearance of proving a more profitable adventure than he calculated upon. But still the prejudices of the times (and few retained a heavier load of them than the person we speak of) were not to be subdued by the apparent courtesy and liberality of the stranger. The place named was ominous—the character of the gentleman at least questionable—his warrandice as to consequences untenable;—and in such times of plots, and

penal-laws, assassinations, abductions, and insurrections, he was a bold grazier and a foolish one, who permitted himself to be found loitering in the city without a good excuse, and especially in precincts where, if a few merry English halberdiers felt disposed, he would soon dangle in the moon-light on the first eligible sign-post or cross-beam.

“ Was it de castle your honour said ye were after going to ? ” enquired Mark, fain to know if he might not be *mistaken* in the individual, or if he were about to lend nocturnal aid, at his own neck’s hazard, to some stray knight of the viceroy’s body guard, or some wandering English heretic, spying the land before he should be duped into a grant of it.

“ Not exactly to the castle,” answered the gentleman ; “ but were I conducted to its environs, I should be able, with greater ease, to find my way to my city destination.”

“ Shure, then, Sur, you’d nare think of *walking* such a distance. It’s seven *proper* Irish miles, and that’s no trifle, considering de mud of de roads, and may-be the danger—but may-be your honour don’t care much for that same ? ”

“ Why, what can I do, my lad ?—cattle, as I take it, cannot be procured here ; and

if they could, the request is likely to be so unusual in this lonely place, that I'm afraid our appearance would obtain for us as little access to their stables as to their fire-sides;—but if you know an expedient, I'll reward you handsomely.”

“ An' be de Holy, the *experiment*, as your honour is plased to call it,—the horses, mayhap, your honour manes,—are aiting der fodder in the stable of me own father, on the brow o' de hill yonder; your honour sees a smoking cabin, near the old castle”—

“ There ?”

“ No, your honour, that's de lime-kiln”—

“ This, then ?”

“ Ay, there, right under the rath; an' if your honour plases to walk that way I'll have the bastes ready in a jiffy.”

The gentleman declined the invitation of the peasant, but intimated that he would tarry where he was till his return with the horses. In a short time Mark had his two lean, haggard-looking, but hardy ponies, fit emblems of their owner's poverty, at the stated rendezvous. The one was caparisoned with the remains of a saddle, crupperless it is true, but as firmly fastened to the bare bones of the animal as a broad half-hempen, half-hair

girth of domestic manufacture could bind it ; and equipoised with a wooden stirrup, somewhat in the form of a gag, attached to a strap, that bore the marks of repeated splicings, on the one side ; while a looped rope served the same purpose on the other. A hair halter supplied the place of a bridle, to which was affixed no snaffle or steel bit, a plain proof that either the sheep feeder disapproved of those articles of torture, or preferred the purchase which a tight noose upon the nostrils and under the dewlap of the animal afforded. The other charger was still more characteristically accoutered ; for what served for a saddle was neither more nor less than a plaited straw truss, that slightly interposed between the rider and the sharp vertebræ of the shelt, and the ends of which, by hanging down over its sides, served the purposes of stirrups and mud boots at the same time. On the former of these the stranger mounted, and, attended by Brennan on the latter, rode towards the city.

Few spots in the Emerald Isle, or indeed in any other isle, are indebted to nature for such a profusion of charms as the extensive bay, along the margin of which our travellers were now winding. The night itself was a

picture such as a poet might be supposed to dream of, in his most imaginative moments. It was one of those rare autumnal festivals, when Cynthia seems to join the revels of the merry heart, by the fire-side of the farmer, who, with his family, in the rude gambols of rural seclusion, thanks the Creator for the regularity of the seasons;—when she walks amid the blue ether, shining propitiously on the corn ricks, and the yellow stubble, and the stunted grass, and the black earth that but yesterday yielded up the staff of life as a recompense to human industry.

The little animals footed it cautiously along: In those days, the country seats and cottages which now bestud the strand from Killenny-hill to the city, the healthy retreats in summer of the denizen and his family, had no existence. The bathing quarters that attract the attention of the stranger—the boarding and lodging-houses—the smiling cottages—the rosy parterres—the rising hamlets of Black-rock, Monkstown, and Dunleary, now Anglified into Kingstown, with its spacious harbour, guiltless of shipping, were either not called into being, or were but the residence of a few fishermen and oyster dredgers—raw, rough, long-legged lads, and lazy, ragged wo-

men, that lay in the kennel in the sunshine, and gathered cockles when they were hungry, or hoed the potatoes when they could not avoid it; who, with their fathers, brothers, and husbands, bore rather an equivocal reputation. The road was in wet weather a complete gutter, over which no wheeled carriage could pass. The entire district, indeed, was a sort of wilderness, where any one who chose might erect himself a hovel, and either prey upon his surrounding neighbours—or, what was more profitable, extend his depredations to the liberties of the city. Murders were not unfrequent—robberies of the most daring and cruel description were numerous; but such were the numbers of the banditti, so secure were they in their retreats, and in the confidence and *honour* of each other, and so familiar were the inhabitants become to such excesses, that every effort that had been made by the authorities, and by the gentry and proprietary who had occasion to go that way, to detect the perpetrators, had been unavailing.

Mark Brennan was no stranger to these scenes. He had not, perhaps, been an accessory in any of the homicides, or in any of the more atrocious outrages, with which the cha-

racter of the district was stained ; but he associated with some of the most daring of the freebooters, and held a sway over them which the scandal of the *coteries* thereabouts attributed to worse, perhaps, than the true motives. Being a kind of dealer, he was necessitated, as well on his own as on his father's account, to frequent the markets of Dublin and Donnybrook, to sell wool, to buy or sell a wether or two, and transact various other branches of traffic, which his calling as a farmer and sheep-feeder required. On these occasions he was often detained till a late hour; and on his return, as a matter of personal safety, could not avoid mingling with those men who, as they had no regular occupation save the business of the road, were sure to intercept, maltreat, rob, and sometimes murder, all who had the misfortune to be suspected of having booty, and on the strand after the shades of evening. Through this medium, Brennan may occasionally have taken part in some of the less culpable maraudings of these persons ; at least so did fame report ; but that he aided in or was privy to any of the deadly affrays that from time to time occurred, or that he shared the plunder so acquired, or took the advantage of the influence he pos-

sessed over the ringleaders to avenge private quarrels, were charges which those who had known him from boyhood, and knew him best, were never heard to impute to him.

But if he stood guiltless of great crimes, he was master of all the wariness and low cunning, and of all the instinctive shrewdness which a life of unceasing suspicion and hazard calls into play. He was of middle stature, but muscular and well-proportioned—hardy and stubborn, and of as tenacious a step as the animal he bestrode. His brown, rindy face was an index of his profession; and his small, ringletted, grey eye, ambushed under a long raven eyelash, surmounted by a forehead more deeply indented than became his years, marked him out for a man whose better feelings could be easily excited, but still one whom it would be safer to confide in than to irritate.

The stranger though armed, and well armed too, was unacquainted with the peculiarities of the ground over which his guide led him with obvious caution, and consequently was the less prepared for any sudden irruption. He had not rode far, however, when he began to feel apprehensive of the solitude of the road,—at not meeting a single pedestrian, or traveller of

any kind, and the hour so early—and above all, he thought it not a little strange that the one or two straggling cabins he had passed were closed upon the night, no smoke issuing from a single aperture, and no naked but cheerful assemblage of urchins around the entrances, as he had been accustomed to see in other parts of the kingdom.

“This appears a deserted road, as well as a rough one,” said the stranger to his guide; “how comes it so?”

“Why, your honour,” answered Mark, “de soil is no better than it should be, in these parts; and between your honour and me, de people are some’at in de same way;—and then you see de road is none o’ de safest *because* of the poverty;—and then the gentry don’t much come this way *because* they’re afraid; and there’s no money spending *because* there’s none to spend d’y’ see;—and—”

“That,” said the gentleman interrupting him, “was the complaint twenty years ago—I thought the times had improved.”

This last observation was offered by way of a feeler, and to draw from the cautious peasant his opinion of the state of the country, which when delivered impartially and candidly, is not always the least authentic because it comes

from the lips of an humble individual in society.

“*Our Mother* reward your honour for your good opinion of us!” exclaimed Brennan, “the times improved! not at all, begging your honour’s pardon, for they are every day getting worse, for—”

“I grieve to hear it,” again interrupted the other, eager to change the conversation, now that he had sounded the right chord; “but what meant you by saying that the gentry were afraid to pass this way?”

“Why, your honour, the O’Brian boys and the O’Sullivans are some ’at troublesome hereabouts.”

“Troublesome! do you mean to say they are freebooters—regular lads of the sod, who live upon chance, cutting of throats, and the contents of such well-lined doublets as come in their way, ha?”

“Fait an’ your honour has guessed the right on’t. They don’t stop at small matters, and by Saint Loi, they are right bad customers for an honest man to fall in wid after de setting o’ the sun.”

“My good friend,” observed the stranger, as he drew his cloak more tightly around him, and which had hitherto been hanging loose, so as to

enable the guide to remark, which he did not fail to do very particularly, a black belt and pistols, flanked by a lengthy and somewhat formidable rapier, which as the gentleman carried sheathed in his hand, Mark had conjectured to be a more powerful but not more useful companion—"my good friend," said he, after he had adjusted himself in his *apology* for a saddle, "have we any thing to fear from these knights of the night—these heroes of the moon?"

"Your honour would may-be know dat *soon*, were ye not in company wid a sartin person!" Here our guide elevated himself a full inch from the straw truss on which he sat—raising his left hand to his chin in the felicitous style of the great Mogul, merely for the purpose of intimating, that although a Killeny sheep-feeder, he was a personage of mightier importance than his companion was aware of.

The stranger darted upon him a look that measured the grazier from head to foot, and made him shrink within himself, with the instinctive revulsion of a Malahide oyster—so piercing and petrifying was the form which his stern, iron features, rendered more stern by the now chill, shady moonlight, assumed, as he for several seconds gazed upon him. He could not but consider this modest announcement of official pro-

tection, or rather of road influence, on the part of Brennan, as springing from his national vanity, and moreover introduced to enhance the value of his safe pilotage, in the event of their reaching Dublin unmolested, which was now close at hand ; and consequently, of obtaining a higher remuneration for his services, than he could otherwise have expected.

They were now approaching a small ford in the immediate vicinity of the capital, and at no great distance from where now stands Ball's bridge. A clump of birch and willow trees here and there obscured the road. Beyond these on the one side the land was marshy, and thickly grown over with rank grass, sedges, and bulrushes of an uncommon height. On the other it was, or had lately been, in a rude state of cultivation ; and, as far as was visible in the moonlight, was intersected with dikes and ditches, among which a few wretched mud cabins seemed to strive for the ascendancy in point of elevation, with the contiguous fences. In passing the stream the trudging nags, according to custom, and regardless of prick or pull, bent down to quench their drought, and while so engaged, four men presented themselves from behind the half-prostrated walls of a deserted hut, one of whom, before a word could be ex-

changed, discharged the contents of a carbine or blunderbuss, the ball or slugs of which whizzed within a few inches of the face of the stranger, who happened to be next to them. The discharge was accompanied by a command to deliver up their money at the peril of instant assassination.

From the capering of the frightened sheltie on which the gentleman was mounted, a second or two elapsed before he could pull a pistol from his side, which assuredly he would have fired at the foremost of the banditti, had his arm not been restrained by Brennan, who, by this time stood in the midst of the rivulet, conjuring him to leave the affair to his interference alone.

“Rashness will ruin us both, your honour,” he said, “I know the good people of this place,” and here he raised his voice, “an’ it’s because they dont know your *Reverence*, dat the *boys* behave so.”

Before he had time to reply to this extraordinary interruption, or even comprehend the stratagem about to be practised by his guide, Mark had commenced addressing the enemy.

He told them in Erse, or native Irish, that they had nearly committed a *mistake*, for

which, if every *soul* of them had not danced “on de fog,” it would have been because there was not a tree or gallows-cross in the province of Leinster. They, he said, had *him* to thank, for having protected them from such consequences; for although it became them to follow their vocation, yet nothing could justify or expiate an outrage upon a reverend father of the holy apostolic church, whom, he said, his companion was, and whom he had been employed by Father le Bray of Duniscorthy to conduct to the convent of St. Mary Magdalen at Drumcondra.

“Save thee, Master Mark Brennan!” shouted a bluff, hoarse-speaking personage, who seemed to act as leader of the gang, and who as well from his dress, as from his accent, appeared to have been a sailor; “We crave thee mercy, mate, we meant his *Reverence* no harm, for, saving his presence, *Tim* had my special orders not to wing a slug within a pistol’s length of his beaver;—so no more on’t, Mark, no more on’t;—foot it a-head, my boy, there’s another tramp in the strand,—but, d’ye hear, when ye sail in such sort o’company again, be so condescending, Master Mark Brennan, as to pass us the hint some’at sooner; for,” continued he,

lowering his voice, "there would have been no harm done in bespeaking the holy Father's benedicite, Mark, or may be his alms, God willing."

Brennan nodded assent—remounted his horse, and proceeded onwards, bidding the gentleman to follow him; which he did, a good deal surprised at the bloodless termination of the assault—the robbers placing themselves in a line, and out of respect for his sacred presence, crossing themselves, as he ambled past them. In a few minutes they were in Dublin.

Before the stranger had time to revolve the circumstances of this strange encounter—the fidelity, coolness, and tact displayed by his guide, and what was not the least mysterious, his familiarity with, and sway over, the freebooters—he found they were in a part of the city where it would be prudent for them to part. After rewarding Mark, in a handsome manner, he dismounted, and darting down a narrow lane, was out of sight in a moment.

CHAPTER II.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free!
If the exile on earth is an outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith, *but in mine I will die.*

Hebrew Melodies.

THE period of which we write was one of the most afflicting in the history of the Irish nation. Not only were the adherents of the Romish faith crushed to the earth with penal laws of former dynasties, and smarting under the recent and arbitrary restrictions and exactions of the usurper Cromwell, but the restoration of Charles had restored but a favoured few of them to those possessions which they had lost in his cause. The severity of the Protector's measures had driven many thousands of respectable families, protestants as well as catholics, into a conspiracy to overturn the commonwealth, for which they were attainted, ample rewards offered for their apprehension, and their lands and chattels distributed among persons more devoted to the then existing

government. On Charles's restoration, the grievances of these unfortunate persons were expected to be redressed; and, as far as was practicable, either their heritages and family estates restored, or compensation made them for their losses.

Unhappily for them the king had it not in his power to give them redress. The spirit of the English and Irish Parliaments was not in unison, either with the wishes of the king and his ministers, or with that sense of equity which the nation expected. As in all sudden revolutions the ascendant party act with extreme rigour towards that which they have supplanted; so, in England, the restoration of prelacy placed in the direction of affairs men, who equally intolerant as their predecessors, were equally partial in the new measures they enacted. In many instances the escheated lands were so portioned, that it would not only have been dangerous, but extremely unjust to have ejected the possessors without affording them instant and ample compensation. Soldiers of the Parliamentary army, perhaps, had been paid their arrears, or otherwise remunerated, in grants of the confiscated property. These probably had sold it for a fair and equitable consideration to third parties; so that it was a

puzzling question, not whether these third parties should be dispossessed of their lands, for on that head there could be no difference of sentiment, but how the injured individuals, in the deranged state of the national finances, and the overwhelming amount of their claims, could be indemnified. Charles was most desirous to satisfy them, but the treasury had not a shilling to spare; and although the claims were referred to parliament, for the purpose of being acknowledged and arranged, such was the composition of the Irish House of Commons, and the ordeal through which claimants had to pass, that by far the greater part of them never received any compensation whatever. Their loyalty and penury were rewarded by a kind of inquisitorial procedure, that in many instances mocked their sufferings; their motives for joining in the rebellion being held to be culpable until proved to be pure, and shown to emanate not from loving Cromwell *less*, but Charles *more*—not from hating the Commonwealth, but from unsullied veneration for the protestant monarchy.

In this way many families who had fled from the fangs of the Usurper to pass their lives in poverty and exile, at least so long as the same state of things should continue, had returned

to supplicate the royal bounty, and claim their attainted lands; but alas! only to exhibit their wretchedness at home, and wander unpitied beggars in the land that gave them birth—among the by-roads of the large demesnes that they once called their own, and living upon the charity of friends, and even partaking of the bounty of old domestics, who formerly had been proud to follow in their retinue. In every part of the country, the holders of confiscated property were held in abhorrence by the native Irish; and those who were ejected retained feelings scarcely less pungent towards the government. If the former resided on the property, they held no intercourse with any of the ancient families. A sort of gloom hung upon their castles and edifices, as if they had stood in a desert; the poor credulous peasant approached them only from necessity; and the return of the heir—of Lady and my Lord so and so—was every hour expected to put a period to the reign of the heretic intruders.

All this while the excluded claimants nursed their grief in penury and solitude. The hopes they had cherished were found to be deceitful as the smoke, which issuing from among the oak and elm trees, in the distance, pointed out the turreted mansion, the green lawn,

the overhanging cliff, the roaring waterfall, which they were never again to call theirs.

The female branches of some of these old Catholic families shut themselves up in convents; and the young men either betook themselves to holy orders abroad, or entered the naval or military service of foreign states; while their parents struggled out the remaining term of their unhappy existence in the dependent way we have mentioned, mourning losses which neither Royal clemency, nor Parliamentary justice, nor individual exertion could avert.

The baronial demesne of Baldunaven was one of the most extensive, and best cultivated, in the south-eastern part of the county of Roscommon. The ancient castle, founded in the reign of Henry II., when Ireland, for the first time upon record, became an English province, stood nearly surrounded with oak trees, gray with age, on a beautiful green peninsula, formed by a branch of the lesser Brosna, which issued from a glen behind. The building was of the very plainest description: two sides of which, standing at right angles, presented nothing but a dead massy wall, perforated irregularly with loop-holes, and narrow chinky windows, which overlooked the gloom of the surrounding trees. The other two sides were little different; ex-

cept that some of the windows bore the marks of more recent construction; especially those on the south side, which commanded the romantic scenery of the glen, and the course of the stream. Here also one corner joined with a quadrangular tower, or staircase, which formerly connected the building with the bottom of the deep ravine on which that side rested, but the passages to which were, at the time we allude to, built up; so that the "Harper's Tower,"—as it was called, from the circumstance of the family minstrel at a very remote period having thrown himself from the turret to the ground, a height of nearly a hundred and fifty feet without being hurt, owing to the "good canon" of St. Thomas having seen him fall, and having had time to count his *Pathereen* before he reached the bottom,—could only be said to be either useful or ornamental, in so far as its terminating pinnet corresponded with that which adorned (if adorned we may say) the opposite angle. What was deemed the principal façade of the castle was approached by a portico of pure Ionic, evidently of more modern design, and a flight of steps of polished limestone, which in some degree helped to relieve the eye from the dull monotony of a style of architec-

ture which had nothing to recommend it but its antiquity.

The building, however, from its strength and dimensions—from its spacious galleries, and its narrow, winding, intricate passages, corresponded with the hospitality and security of a feudal age. On one side it was hardly accessible, from the steepness of the precipice on which it was founded, and the depth of the ravine, the channel of which was washed by the oftentimes turbulent rivulet aforesaid. It was not calculated, indeed, to stand any defence against a modern enemy; but even in the merry King Charles's time, it was strong enough to bid defiance to the assaults of the straggling freebooters and marauders, whom the distractions of the period sent abroad. Ay, and it was strong and durable enough in other respects; for its walls were standing—its architraves undefaced—its marble hearths and chimney-pieces unblackened,—and its oaken floors, joists, and rafters, as fresh as on the morning on which they were hewn and cut, for many years after the noble owners of it were dead and forgotten—their lineage extinct, and an unknown stranger possessing it. Even now the Portico remains, and the ivy clings to the “Harper's Tower,”

as if eager to give it that spring-time aspect, which for several centuries the storms of winter could not efface. But, alas! there are now no Barons, no Knights, no Esquires, of the ancient Baldunaven. The demesne is divided amongst a numerous proprietary; and we are not aware that its name, or the name of its once opulent and haughty possessor, is known to any of the Agrarian freeholders who now have it parcelled amongst them; or if it is to be found any where else, but in some of those escheated instruments of legal subtlety and litigation, which happily for the peace of families now moulder away in the damp record offices of the sister island.

The Macdonnells of Baldunaven were of an origin so ancient, that their name and their deeds were lost in the impenetrable mists of antiquity. They were the chieftains of their sept in the bright emerald of the west. Tyrrel Macdonnell was the first of the name who was ennobled, having been created a Baron early in the reign of the eighth Harry; as well on account of his powerful influence and ample possessions, as in return for some important services he had rendered the English government abroad. His ancestor, Nolen Macdonnell, in the time of the Black Prince, having performed some

act of heroism in the holy wars, received a grant of land in the county of Roscommon, which lying contiguous to, in process of time became incorporated with, the old demesne or barony of Baldunaven. For the same services the said Nolen was allowed to blazon a slipper or pantofle *gules*, in *canton*, on his family shield. Their ancient crest was a wolf-dog saliant, assumed, as the Irish Chronicles tell us, on account of the extraordinary prowess of the chief in extirpating the wolves and other ravenous animals from the dingles of the Shannon in Connaught, in the same way as many of the subsequent and meaner branches of his own sept were expelled from Leinster and the banks of the Liffey. During the crusades, however, he was permitted to wear three crescents *argent* on a chevron *or*, with the old wolf-dog *saliant proper* in *base*. Such, with two dogs rampant, as supporters, and the well-known motto of “Aboiement, toujours Aboiement,” constituted the family arms in the time of the last lord.

The family, at the period to which we allude, were staunch adherents of the ancient faith; and notwithstanding all the feuds with which their name had been associated, they had had the fortune to transmit from father to son, the

honours and wealth which appertained to it, with a corresponding devotion to the church of Rome. They had submitted to the degradations of their religious communion with unbending integrity; and had scorned the honours which had been offered them, when these were to be purchased by the recreant abandonment of the creed of their forefathers. But as our right reverend poet singeth, alas! "Constancy lives in realms above." Their apostolical fidelity was not passion-proof. An act of apostasy, as they deemed it, tarnished the sacred honour of their house, soiled the sainted pantofle of the family arms, and plunged every root and scion of the Macdonnells into the lowest depths of humiliation and affliction.

Lord and Lady Macdonnell had three sons and one daughter. About eight years before the period of which we now speak, the Baron died, leaving his estates under certain restrictions and incumbrances to his eldest son Lord Gerald. About two years subsequent to this event, the second son, Louis, who had been completing his education at St. Omers, returned to Ireland, but generally resided in Dublin. There he met with companions more suitable to his taste, and the notions he had imbibed. The young baron his brother was

of retired and austere habits; overweeningly subservient to the fathers of the church, and deriving all his opinions from the cloister. He was liberal only at the altar, and collected his ample revenues, chiefly to gild the shrine at which he worshipped; in which he was partly encouraged by the superstitious sanctity of his mother. His brothers therefore, like all younger sons, were poorly provided for; and the good monks of St. Thomas, and the abbot and canons of Ballybogue Abbey, reaped an annual largess, which would, to speak temporarily, have been as well bestowed upon *them*.

Under these circumstances Louis Macdonnell was far from being a regular visiter at Baldunaven Castle. Among the families that he ingratiated himself with in Dublin and its environs, was that of a gentleman of the name of Tyrconnel, who besides real property which he possessed to a vast extent, held a lucrative situation in the government of Ireland. Cicely Tyrconnel, his only child, was represented to be a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments; and it was not long before it was whispered in the fashionable circles, that this lady was likely to throw love's magic veil over a certain gentleman "nearly related to a noble catholic family of Connaught."

Such an *on dit* as this, like the invasion signals of old, flew from hill to dale, from castle to castle, with the speed of a thunderbolt; and it was not long before it reached the ear of the lady dowager his mother. Her ladyship heard the tidings with her accustomed *non-chalance*, and though her words were but few and courteous, yet the chill they conveyed to her heart, and the cloud they spread over her features, too well bespoke the impression they had made. An explanation was speedily required, which was given by a request that his mother and brother would consent to his intended affiance with Miss Cicely Tyrconnel.

“Mother,” said his lordship, as he handed the packet to her ladyship, “this is from Louis, and bespeaks your sanction to an alliance, by which he alleges his happiness will be promoted.”

“I know its tenor before I open it,” replied the lady dowager, “but let us do him justice.”

She broke the seal, fixed her eyes upon the writing for a few moments—rose from her chair, and thus addressed her son:—

“Lord Macdonnell, I foresee the shipwreck of your house. This little letter is a death-warrant to the fame, to the boasted honour, to

the spotless pedigree, and to the pure faith of the Macdonnells. This son of mine, this brother of yours, my lord, is about to play a game that will send us dishonoured to our graves—that will strip you, my lord, of your rank and your possessions, and the possessions of your forefathers—that will make us all the most abject of dependants. A game! a crime, I should rather say, the consequences of which will recoil on the transgressor, and call down upon his head the blastings and the anathemas of heaven. Hear my words, Lord Gerald Macdonnell—and hear them, ye blessed martyrs!—I am asked to give my consent to my son's nuptials with a daughter of Tyrconnel—an upstart—a heretic—a man of yesterday—and a man of any thing or nothing to serve his purpose—a mere tool of the usurper—and the avowed and inveterate enemy of my religion, of the church's holy ministers and her sacred altars—I would sooner consent to see this mansion of the Macdonnells set in flames—these stately woods levelled with the ground—the fondest child I have led to the scaffold, and these aged hands toiling in a foreign land at some peasant's drudgery to earn a stinted subsistence. This is my answer, Lord Macdonnell—give your brother its import, and say that

unless he renounces his intentions, I shall henceforth renounce him as a Macdonnell, or son of mine."

On the succeeding day Lord Gerald conveyed to his brother, in the most respectful terms, the unequivocal injunctions of his mother. In a few months afterwards it was publicly announced, that Louis second son of Marmaduke sixth lord, and brother of Gerald the present Lord Macdonnell, had abjured the popish religion, and conformed to certain acts of the late king, relative to those who embrace the faith and discipline of the protestant church. To this succeeded his marriage with Cicely Tyrconnel, which was followed by a mandamus issued by the privy counsel, calling upon Gerald, under certain severe penalties, to deliver up the possessions, heritages, goods, and chattels, which had come to him by inheritance, to Louis his younger brother, now created Baron Macdonnell of Baldunaven.

In so far were the predictions of Lady Macdonnell fulfilled. All resistance or remonstrance was vain. A party of soldiers, headed by persons acting in the name of Lord Louis, took forcible possession of the castle, explored its cabinets, and carried off all deeds, contracts, patents, and covenants; compell-

ing the tenantry to pay their rents and mulctures to a steward appointed by their new lord. The ejected baron, disdaining to accept the annuity that was offered him, went to France, and took holy orders. Francis the third son, a young man of about one-and-twenty, survived the disgrace only two years, and was killed in a personal rencontre in the streets of Dublin, under very suspicious circumstances; so that at the time to which we allude, the lady dowager and her youngest child, now in her nineteenth year, were, with the exception of the domestics, the sole inmates of the old family residence in Roscommon. How her ladyship continued to reside there is partly accounted for, in a resolution she had formed, and which was communicated to the new baron, that she never would leave Baldunaven Castle but with her life; and partly from there not existing any desire on the part of his lordship to wound her feelings by an unnecessary ejectment. But she indignantly refused to accept the smallest gratuity at his hands; and even returned the annual sum which he, as punctually as the term came, thought it his duty to remit for the use of his only sister.

It is also necessary to state that Lord and

Lady Louis Macdonnell, although married for several years, had only two children, daughters, born within the first two years of their union; and that ever since the birth of the younger, her ladyship had lingered in an infirm state of health, attended with paroxysms of a delicate and distressing kind, which rendered her recovery extremely doubtful.

Such was the condition of affairs in this once happy family, on the morning of the third day after the occurrences mentioned in the preceding chapter.

The lady dowager sat in a small two-windowed apartment, that commanded an extensive view of the country, even beyond the boundaries of the demesne. It had been her favourite chamber in happier days, and now she made it the domicile of her sorrows. It was tapestried with black cloth to the ceiling; the chair by the fireside on which she reposed was covered with the same sable material; as was also a small octagon table, on which lay a few religious books, furnished her, as appeared, by the pious monks of St. Thomas hard by, and which bore marks of her study during the past night. Over the mantel-piece, and fixed to the wall, was a silver crucifix of about eight inches in length, and around her

neck was suspended an antique "Agnus Dei"—both so placed to aid her devotions.

A servant at this juncture entered, with marks of terror in her countenance, and informed her ladyship, that a party of dragoons was coming at full gallop up the avenue.

"Mother of heaven!" she exclaimed, "do they want my life, or my child?"—and she hurried to the apartment of her daughter.

The Lady Mary Macdonnell was in her nineteenth year, in the morning bloom of every personal charm which makes woman lovely and attractive. She was taller than the ordinary female height, but her form was a perfect model of grace and symmetry. There was a natural flush of health on her cheek, which her sedentary and solitary life had rendered more inexpressibly delicate, but had been unable totally to remove. Her dark eyes, mellowed in their lustre by a slight expression of melancholy, betokened a generous and confiding disposition. Nursed under her mother's eye, and educated under her exclusive directions, it might be supposed she would have imbibed some portion of her imperious mind—some of the alloy of her opinions and resentments. But this was not the case. She was of too affectionate a nature to harbour an injurious

thought against a human being; and had experienced too little of the world to estimate the motives of those around her by any other standard than the innocence of her own bosom. In short, she was an angel in a wilderness, unconscious of her own beauty, unacquainted with the motives and the vices of society,—whose sole aim was to soothe the anguish of her mother, who too often conjured up imaginary wrongs to augment, as it were, the poignancy of her real sorrows.

“Alas, mother!” said the terrified damsel, when she had heard the intelligence, “what sudden irritation hath aroused them?—doth your ladyship know of aught other than our poor ejection that can have brought the king’s troops hither?”

“Nothing, child, but the resentment of a renegade which never dies—a spiteful vengeance that boils in the bosom till the last object on which it *dares* to wreak itself is sacrificed to its fury—then it will expire fighting with itself.”

On being entreated to consider the matter more calmly, and to ascertain first the nature of the visit, before any harsh construction should be put upon it, the lady dowager was

somewhat appeased, and consented to lead the way to learn more satisfactorily its purport.

The officer who commanded the squadron posted his men in the lawn, but at a respectful distance from the main entrance; and having dismounted, desired the servant to say that an officer, bearing a message from his Grace the Duke of Ormond, and the Lords of the Privy Council, requested the honour of an interview with the lady dowager, and the lady Mary Macdonnell.

“Give him admission,” said her ladyship to the servant who delivered it.

A stranger of quality, or even a king’s officer, was a rare sight at Baldunaven Castle; and for the first time, for a long while, her ladyship entered the old “wassail hall,” a place which neither she nor her daughter would have chosen, had not the fastidious etiquette of the age marked it out as the customary place in which to receive a stranger above the common rank.

“Madam,” said the officer, “I am commanded by his Excellency the Duke of Ormond, and the Lords of the Privy Council, to deliver into your ladyship’s own hands this *præcipe*, requiring you to repair with all con-

venient speed to the castle of Dublin, to answer such questions, touching certain mysterious occurrences mentioned therein, as they may be pleased to ask. I am likewise instructed to deliver a similar instrument into the hands of your ladyship's daughter, whom I take this lady to be"—casting a suppressed glance at the lovely girl, who with her features crimsoned with apprehension, was trembling like an aspen-leaf at the terms of the message. He accordingly presented to the ladies the pieces of parchment which he held in his hand.

Lady Macdonnell looked over the subpœna, but her patience was too brief to permit her to ascertain the nature of the occurrences alluded to. "On what charge am I so summoned before their lordships?" said she, addressing the soldier.

"My reason for not being more explicit," he replied, "when I delivered the instrument, was my wish to avoid discoursing upon a matter the import of which the *præcipe* fully expresses. But, with your ladyship's permission, I have to state that there is no charge at present in dependence before their lordships, against your ladyship or the Lady Mary. You are only

subpoenied to give such evidence as you know regarding the abduction of Lord Macdonnell's infant children."

"Abduction!" exclaimed her ladyship, flinging her arms towards heaven, and falling on her knees. "Of this, blessed be God, we are *not* guilty!—Daughter," said she, stretching out her right arm to the young lady, who with the most affecting kindness was leaning over her.—"Daughter," she said, her voice assuming a tone of indescribable agony, "the hand of Providence is in this—the predicted calamities of that wayward child of mine are coming to pass—it is the awful finger of the Almighty upon the wall—but, blessed be the saints, we are innocent."

She rose from the floor leaning upon the Lady Mary, and so much convulsed as left the officer in doubt whether he ought to retire or tender his assistance; but just at this instant she faintly questioned him, whether, in conformity with his instructions, he could impart the particulars of the abduction?—and whether she had a specified time allowed her for the journey?—or whether it was his duty to see the summons obeyed?

"Madam," he answered, "as to how the

outrage was accomplished, or what traces, if any, have been obtained of the perpetrators, I can impart nothing; but I am commanded by his Excellency the Viceroy to use my discretion, in receiving your ladyship's promise that you will hasten to Dublin, with all possible despatch, should your ladyship deem it your duty to obey the mandate; and in case of refusal, I am instructed to recur to such means, to convey your ladyship and the Lady Mary with speed and safety, as to me shall seem the best; and I have only to add, that I trust to your ladyship availing yourself of the first of the alternatives."

The officer withdrew to afford an opportunity of considering his proposals.

The distance at which the kinsmen and friends of the family lived rendered it impossible to procure their advice in this emergency. But there was one faithful counsellor, who had a few minutes before arrived at the castle, in the person of a venerable priest, who had long been her ladyship's confessor, and who loved the family with the fondness of a parent.

Father O'Leary was a faithful minister to a falling church; and what was better, he was an honest man in a corrupt and licentious age. He was above the ordinary rank

of clergymen, so far as superior learning, liberal sentiments, and an unostentatious but faithful performance of his clerical duties could raise him. He bore about him the foibles of his early education, and the weaker prejudices of an old man; but the goodness of his heart made ample amends for whatever appeared fastidious or antiquated in his manners; and his natural kindness of disposition balanced whatever was supererogatory in his opinions.

The reverend father was soon informed of the occurrence which had produced so much consternation at the castle, and had collected the peasantry from every quarter of the barony. After “profoundly” crossing himself, when the word abduction was mentioned, and invoking all the martyrs to ward off such dispensations from the thresholds of the faithful—and after taking into consideration the military strength without, the peremptory nature of the officer’s instructions, and the power he had of carrying these into execution—after taking all the bearings and difficulties of the dilemma into serious regard, he gave it as his conscientious opinion, that her ladyship ought to pledge her word to the officer that she and the Lady Mary would repair to Dublin on the morrow.

To this advice the lady dowager acceded, but not without considerable entreaty on the part of her daughter. The officer received this assurance, and having rejoined his squadron, it was not long before they were clear of the two grisly limestone wolf-dogs saliant that guarded the entrance of the demesne of Baldunaven.

CHAPTER III.

Old men and beldames in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously ;
And when they talk of them, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear :
Whilst they that hear make fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
King John.

WE now return to the city of Dublin, at the time these proceedings were going on at the mansion of the Macdonnells.

The streets in the vicinity of the castle, and the residence of Lord Macdonnell, in Great Britain-street, were at an early hour thronged with persons eager in their inquiries about the stolen children. On the evening before, large placards were posted, offering a reward to whoever should furnish the slightest trace of the infants, or those concerned in the abduction; and men were stationed, intimating in Erse, and to the very top of their lungs, this offer to those who were not acquainted with the English language.

Various unfounded rumours were in circulation, such as the distraction of the lady, when the news was made known to her, and others of a similar kind, all calculated to excite the commiseration of the populace, and lead to a discovery. Men of rank, it was said, were seen dressed in labourers' clothes, and mixing with the rabble, merely to hear their conversation, and pick up any hints that might unwarily be dropped; and persons even of irregular habits were furnished with money and employed to treat, and if possible intoxicate, suspected individuals, whose acquaintance with all the low haunts and loose characters of the city might have furnished them with some knowledge of the perpetrators, which it was supposed they would the more freely divulge under the excitation of liquor.

“Och, the hardent kidnapping ruffians!” said one fair lady with a tobacco-pipe in her mouth, and a fish-basket under her arm, to a ring of persons of the same stamp on the top of Essex bridge, “to carry off any poor babes from der modder, and she an infirm lady too, de ruffians.”

“Arrah, an' may-be de men areno de blackest in't, Judy,” observed another of the junta,

“for they say the nurse,—Alice O’Brian’s her name, I’ve seed her in de Green a hunder times wid de two childer, an’ sweat childer dey were—dey say Alice has gone off wid them, the common reprobate that she is.”

“Fait and ye’r right, Mishtress Lunergan,” said a third of the cronies, “de nurse I’ll warrant ye’s at de bottom o’t; an’ may-be has got her hand crossed by de tieving kidnappers for her pains, for the childer are such heiresses you know—but,” continued she, stifling her voice down to a half whisper, “who will be Lord Macdonnell now, for dey say, he’s died wid grief?”

“It will be the elder lord that was,” replied a short hump-backed female attired like a char-woman, “he ye know that was cheated out of his birth-right—I always thought good could not come o’t.”

“But,” interposed another, looking round her with considerable caution and speaking in a whisper, “is not the ould lord a *Priest*, ma’am?”

“Ay,” answered some one, “but he’s but a French one, and may come to his own for all that.”

Here the conversation terminated with a

few tremors of the head, expressive of doubt as to the soundness of the opinions of the last speaker.

Notwithstanding the rumour of his death, Lord Macdonnell was most active in his endeavours to detect the parties implicated. His lady, from the nature of her malady, had not seen her children for some time, and was unacquainted with what had happened. What was the object contemplated by the outrage was plain; but who could have furnished the means necessary to perfect such a scheme, was what remained mysterious. His lordship had some reason to suspect his relations; not from any evidence he had obtained of such a design being meditated; but from the hostile feelings they cherished against him—the peculiar situation of his family—and the desperate and intriguing characters connected with the faction to whose measures his kinsmen and others had too often and too long lent their influence.

But, besides the circumstance of his apostasy from the Catholic religion, which exposed him to the resentment of his relatives, his conduct as a commissioner appointed to investigate the claims of the attainted in the last rebellion had called down upon him the petty malignity of disappointed applicants of all sects and par-

ties. The inability to compensate was attributed to an incapacity to discriminate, and a reluctance to do justice; and what was in no inconsiderable degree chargeable to the parliament of England was attributed to the ignorance, partiality, and injustice of the commissioners. On Lord Macdonnell not a small share of blame fell. His kinsmen, many of them poor, and all of them clamorous to repossess their forfeited lands, were among the most violent in their censures; so that when this, and the circumstance of his marriage, were taken into consideration—his abandonment of the creed of the Roman Catholic church for the sake of lands, titles, and a fair maiden's love—when these matters were duly weighed, surely his lordship had some rational grounds for suspecting his relations. That he had enemies somewhere there could be no question.

Twenty-four hours had now elapsed since the children had been missed, and still no satisfactory tidings had been received respecting them. The bye-roads in the vicinity of the city had been searched for miles; and hundreds, nay thousands of persons, had been interrogated to no purpose. Cabins and out-houses, and various places in the liberties and elsewhere, sacred to notoriety and ill-fame, were examined

in vain; and consequently suspicion began to fall more intensely and universally upon the secret and obscure haunts in the centre of the town.

A club of tradespeople and labourers, in Dame-street, seemed to discuss the subject with great earnestness, mixed with that air of levity which their countrymen have been famous for in all ages.

“Why, my boys,” said one, “since ’tis *I* dat must say it, there’s no use for so much bodder and blarney about it—there’s more childer in the world *as good*, be de blessing of Providence; an’ if some people cry at de losing ’em, some odder people have better reason to cry at the having ’em; for, barring Mishtress O’Callaghan’s pleasure, it would be no mishfortune at all at all, tho’ some chrishtian kid-nabber were to aise her o’ a lucky half dozen o’ ’em.”

“Och the bonaveens! bother me, Paddy,” observed a grisly-looking personage in a dirty leathern apron, “but I could send his Lardship a whole basket full o’ dem, an’ de *gutter* not be a bit de claner for all.”

“An’ may be ye’d send more than yer own, Mishter Barry,” said a curly-headed butcher’s

apprentice, if his calling could be augured from his dress, "for there are more fadders *out o' Cheatin-lane* than some people know of."

This low repartee would in all probability have led to a general riot, for the insulted spouse at once offered battle to the knight of the marrow-bone, had not a person better dressed, and apparently above the rank of those who had already spoken, stepped forward and observed, —that it was surprising how the officers had failed to apprehend the delinquents, especially as he was given to learn that an active search had been kept up after them since two hours after the commission of the outrage.

"Depend on't," said the man he had addressed, "the childer are'nt so far off as is believed."

"What induces you to that opinion?" inquired the first speaker.

"I'm told that two men were seen o'horse back, at a late hour in these times, somewhere where we now stand, and that one of 'em was followed and is known."

"Known! to whom?" asked the other with some earnestness.

"Och! as for dat 'tis no one's business, when dere's such a temptation abroad—de re

ward's to him dat win's it, me jewel;" and he turned on his heel and departed.

The individual who had shown such anxiety, and spoken in a dialect so superior to that of the persons he mingled with, was no other than the unhappy Lord Macdonnell himself. Since the dawn of day, he had been attending the constables in a diligent search in the environs of the capital; and though fatigued with the exertion, and enduring the most acute mental agony, which a bereavement so overwhelming was calculated to produce, yet he had lost not a minute in partly altering his costume, and following the crowds in the street, catching every syllable that fell, and the most distant hint that could be picked up, or that could be construed to furnish him with a clue to the hiding-place of his beloved offspring.

Eager to catch a glimpse of hope on the brink of despair, he speedily followed the artisan he had accosted, conceiving he might be able to wring from him further information. On overtaking him he mentioned that as he was deeply interested in the happiness of the nobleman whose infants had been stolen, he would willingly reward him for any information he could impart on the subject.

"I cannot tell," said the man, "whether

what I've heard be correct, but I was told by a countryman to-day, that a farmer had left his neighbourhood three nights ago, and although he had promised to return in a few hours afterwards, he has not since been heard of."

"And his name is——?"

"Hold there! that's too much," said the tradesman, "I may be breaking the commandment, and bearing false-witness; an' fait, there's enough o' that doing without a poor bricklayer sinning so wilfully."

"If the man's innocent he has nothing to fear——"

"But mayn't he have something to suffer, your honour?"

"He shall suffer nothing, take my sacred honour for it," exclaimed the nobleman; "I am the unhappy Lord Macdonnell, the parent of the lost infants—if you refuse me the information you possess, for the sake of money, or my name, do for Heaven's sake tender it to the entreaties of a distracted father."

The poor bricklayer who had withstood the bribe, from his knowledge of what the Irish peasant suffered in the delays of tardy justice, had been long in the school of adversity himself, and as his countryman Sterne observes, had learnt mercy *there*. What he withheld from

money, and noble rank, he gave to parental tears.

“All that I know of the man is, that his name is Brennan.”

“From what part of the country?”

“Killeny, I believe—but my information rests on the authority of a person whom I do not know; he may be unjustly suspected.”

The nobleman offered his informant his purse—begged his name and residence—but in vain. He walked speedily into the middle of the street, and vanished in the throng.

What was next to be done? To give up Brennan's name, as new work to the police, would be ungenerous under the peculiar circumstances in which it was intrusted to him. And yet some enquiry must be made—some steps taken to ascertain whether such a person as Brennan lived at the place stated—whether he had been seen as was alleged—and if so seen, what was his business—what delayed him in town, and whether or no he could be traced out.

These directions he intrusted to one officer only, determined to throw himself, in the course of the night, into such companies, in such parts of the city, as might be most likely to possess some knowledge of the individual he

sought. Having so resolved, and having armed himself for the purpose, he sallied forth unattended, to explore the back streets and by-lanes of Dublin, leaving strict injunctions with his servant that no one should be informed of his intention.

At this time more than twenty years had elapsed since the "Irish massacre," in which many thousands of unoffending protestants were wantonly and treacherously murdered. So long a period had passed by, and yet the blood-stains of this event were fresh. Time had not erased the imprint of the crime, nor wiped away the sorrows and the suspicions it had produced, nor given to that unhappy country the tranquillity of other nations. In the northern counties, the scene which fear and credulity had perhaps exaggerated, was remembered as a deed of yesterday; for silence reigned, and sociality shut her gates—the bed-chamber taper was only lighted to be instantly extinguished, and the kitchen fire was put out with the setting of the sun. The females and younger domestics watched while the men slept on their arms. In the towns, similar precautions were resorted to. With the twilight vanished the hum and bustle of the streets, and the labourer went to his repose. With the exception of some straggler

of doubtful character and intentions, or some wandering female exhibiting her faded beauty to the moon, or hiding her grey hairs and her wretchedness in the darkness of the night, even the metropolis at a very early hour looked as if a simoom had passed over it, and made it peopleless.

Deserted as the city seemed, however, still it did not partake of the silence and the loneliness of the country towns and villages. Hilarity abounded within doors, and behind ball-proof window shutters. Family mirth and music might be heard occasionally; and even in the common hostelrys, and places of entertainment, the inmates of which were lodgers for the night, the loud vacant laugh might be heard, and the other appropriate symptoms of joy, clamour, and debauchery. But for all this, the streets were forsaken; and no one, except well guarded, or upon the most pressing emergency, ventured abroad.

Nothing therefore but the impulses of a parent's fondness, could have been an excuse for a person of such rank exposing himself to danger at such hours. He travelled from street to street, and from house to house, an eaves-dropper every where. Wherever his anxious ear met the sound of mirth or joviality, provided the

house was one of public resort, he endeavoured to procure admission; and this though often peremptorily denied, he had to gain by some small act of courtesy or promise of remuneration to the servant.

He had strolled most unsatisfactorily for upwards of two hours. He had strayed among the lanes of vice and low dissipation to no purpose. One, and one only, other effort he resolved on making, on a house situated, if we mistake not, in a narrow, filthy, and obscure court, in the vicinity of Temple-lane. It was a wooden building of four floors, from the second story of which proceeded the irregular din of several voices, and other tokens of tavern conviviality—the clatter of tankards, the ringing of glasses, and the modulated roar of songs, chorussed by a number of discordant bacchanalians.

It was with no little difficulty, that Lord Macdonnell obtained admission to the lower apartment of this house, where an obese and rather good-looking female personage, in the character of hostess, lay asleep in a large elbow chair beside the fire. Here seated, however, it required all his finesse and persuasion backed by a pair of polished-steel bracelets to a bouncing scarlet-cheeked damsel of about

eighteen, who acted as bar-maid, before he was permitted to drink his pint of weak Lisbon wine in the room contiguous to the singers, merely for the purpose, as he intimated, of hearing some of their genuine Irish airs, which he understood they chaunted to well-filled stoops of the same *materiel* as above, tempered with a fair proportion of unadulterated usquebaugh.

The conversation of the party was carried on in native Erse; and although well enough acquainted with the language, he had listened for a considerable time, without being able to collect anything from it which related to the business which had brought him thither. His only chance was in the event of their quarrelling, and he waited another song, and the uproar of a few more draughts for that purpose.

A riotous piece of wretched doggerel occupied them for several minutes, which was repeated amid a loud burst of applause, only exceeded by the uproarious notes of the singer.

“ Well done, grey Buckaugh o’ the O’Brians; there’s a spice of ould Rorry Moore left after all!—Come, *gentlemen*, up with your Quaighs—here’s our noble Captain, de truest, tightest, trimmest, bravest, ould boy, that ever made a deep-laden Dutchman lay-to on the high seas—

here he goes, for de honour of Ireland, and the glory o' Dunleary—

‘ The liberty boys o' Dunleary, O.’ ”

The noise occasioned by this apostrophe to their commander, was followed by another song, and the following colloquy.

“ No matter for that, me mate, this packet must be *you know where* before daylight; and if you love yer necks, my advice to you is—be at Rathmines, so as to meet the boat at de Rock before half tide.’ ”

“ But can't we take another hour, master Brennan?—ye know the moon won't dip these two glasses at de least,” said another of the party, in a hollow voice, for now the greatest silence prevailed.

“ Right,” replied the person addressed, “ I'd forgot dat her ladyship was on her bait, and yet I should'nt, for be St. Loi, I've been pretty much under her eye of late—but no matter for dat, my spalpeens—send round de horn.

‘ Some sigh for the maiden they never can win,
Some sigh for their sons and their *daughters*,
Some sigh for the Pope, and some for the king,
And some least they hang in their garters.’ ”

“ Bravo! bravo! my *Kil-any-er**, ye are de boy

* In those days it would appear, that punning was as vulgar a habit as it is said to be in our more refined age. These rogues talk as if they were “ gentlemen of the press.”

Printer's Devil.

that can do it—you may turn harper when ye please, and *spake* songs to yer own melodies.”

The patience and the temper of Lord Macdonnell were exhausted. He had heard enough to convince him, that these men were at the best but of questionable habits, if not freebooters and assassins met to digest their plots and divide their spoil. Whether they were accessaries to the outrage upon his children, or were in any degree cognizant therewith, he could not divine. But he certainly had heard enough, in the shape of innuendo and allusion, to convince him that Brennan whom he sought was amongst them; and that one of the party was styled captain, and had charge of a packet which in all probability did contain papers, or correspondence of a secret, and consequently of an illegal and traitorous kind—but whether or not, as it could not be in such hands for a good purpose, it ought to come under the inspection of the nearest magistrate. He resolved, therefore, upon ordering the whole party to be conveyed to the guard-house, and left the hostelry for that purpose. The marching a company of soldiers from the castle was the work only of a few minutes. The gang were apprehended, not however without an offer of resistance, nor before the packet alluded to,

containing a variety of papers, some of them in secret cipher, was half consumed in the embers of the grate.

A famous lawyer, who was gathered to his fathers in the present century, was wont to say, "If a client calls on thee, to consult about some ticklish knotty case, on a Saturday morning, be sure to ask a night to consider it, and you gain a day also, for though never so urgent, he cannot, in ordinary propriety, trouble you before nine o'clock, A.M., on the Monday." It was not exactly the case with master Mark Brennan, the Killeny sheep-feeder, and his companions; but they assuredly were of the same way of thinking as that learned person, for turning over their dismal situation in their minds, they could not but consider themselves particularly favoured by the magistracy, in being allowed a *whole night*, to consider what they should say in the morning.

At an early hour on the succeeding day, the party were carried before the sitting magistrate; and as we are desirous to show the mode of *working* an Irish witness, we shall let the examination, *verbatim*, speak for itself. It is requisite to premise, however, that the papers saved from the flames had undergone a severe scrutiny before the principal Secretary of

State, and that certain transactions were discovered, which shall anon be more particularly noticed; although from the effects of the fire, and the absence of the real key, all the circumstances and the names of the parties could not be so clearly ascertained as was desirable.

Brennan was the first who was brought up, who after the usual questions as to name and residence, was examined as follows.

“Ay, you say you are a farmer and grazier at Killeny in this county; pray, young man, have you ever been in England?” “No.”

“Perhaps you’ve been in the north a short while?” “In de north, your honour! do ye mean me?”

“Yes, to be sure, I ask you if you’ve been in Ulster?” “Fait, an’ shure I was—some years ago.”

“How many years ago?” “An’ it’s more than I remember your worship.”

“Was it two years since?” “May be it was.”

“What were you doing there, pray?” “Buying sheep for me fadder.”

“Perhaps it was black-faced Scotch wethers ye were bargaining for?”

As this seemed to raise a smile on the faces of their worships, but from what cause we know not, no answer was given to it.

“ Do you frequently visit Dublin, young man ?” “ Shure I do—in the way o’ business.”

“ O ! I don’t doubt that ; when came you to the city last ?” “ Yesterday morning.”

“ Were you here on Sunday last ?” “ Not *here*, thank God, your honour.”

“ Were you in Dublin on that day, sir ?” “ No !”

“ Do you say you were not in the city on the night of Sunday last ?” “ To be shure I do !”

It was here considered unavailing to examine him farther as a party ; especially when he seemed disposed to conceal what information he possessed, and which for important reasons it was most desirable to obtain. He was therefore put upon his oath, and interrogated as a witness on a charge against some person or persons unknown, for the abduction of Lord Macdonnell’s children.

“ Are you a Roman Catholic, Mark Brennan ?” asked the magistrate ; to which the sheep-feeder responded in the affirmative.

A bible was here handed him, upon the long-bethumbed greasy boards of which a paste-board representation of a cross was affixed. The oath was administered and sealed by a voracious lap of the sacred symbol aforesaid. The examination now went on as before.

“ And so, witness, you mean to swear that you were not in Dublin any time during the night of Sunday last ? ” “ It was nearer the Monday morning any how, your honour.”

“ O ! I perceive—and pray, Brennan, who was the person that accompanied you on that Sunday night or Monday morning ? ” “ Fait an’ I’ll tell your honour de even-down truth on’t. I was just nibbling a few quodlings, barring it being Sunday, when a man comes to me, and says he, ‘ will you show me de way to Dublin ? ’ says he ; and says I, shure I would not have much to do when ye can go to it as straight as a crow ; and upon that he promised me a few thirteens, if I would lend him one o’ de bastes and help him over de strand ; so at de mention o’ de thirteens I did what he wanted, and came to Dublin wid him.”

“ Where did he come from ? ” “ Fait an’ I don’t know.”

“ Where did you first meet him ? ” “ At Killyleny, shure ? ”

Brennan further denied having seen him since he parted with him on Sunday night ; and was then interrogated respecting the children.

“ Do you know a person of the name of Alice O’Brian, lately nurse to Lord Macdonnell ? ”

“ May be I’ve seen her, that’s all.”

“ O! is that all—when did you see her last?”

“ I don’t remember.”

“ Is it a month since you saw her?” “ It may be dat.”

“ Will you swear you have not seen her within these two or three days?” “ I will, shure.”

“ Do you know where she is?” “ Why should I know?”

“ I ask you, sir, on your oath, do you know where Alice O’Brian is now or was since Tuesday morning?” “ Be de powers I knows not where she be at all at all.”

“ Do you know any thing of the children of Lord Macdonnell?” “ I heard they be run away wid.”

“ Have you seen these children within the last week?” “ What would I do wid seeing childer, not me own.”

“ Now, Brennan, come tell us where in your opinion these children are?” “ Fait then, your worship, in my opinion dey are where dey shou’n’t be!”

“ And where do you think that place is?” “ I dont know any place they should be in *saving* their own father’s nursery.”

It was folly to proceed farther; for it was obvious that if he were privy to the abduction,

he was resolved to keep his information to himself.

However hopeless might be the task, it was thought advisable to put a few questions to another of the party, and Bartholomew alias Barty O'Brian was called up and sworn. Making allowance for his situation, there was something peculiarly agreeable in the *tout ensemble* of this witness. He was a man of at least fifty-four or fifty-five years of age—grey haired, and with round, but vivid and expressive features, obviously marked by the suns and storms of other climates. He was dressed in a coarse light-blue-grey cloth jerkin, with a doublet of faded scarlet-striped drugget, which formed a strange contrast with the thick candescent beard that surmounted it. A broad black belt bound up his lower garments, from which a rusty cutlass was suspended. On being interrogated as to his name, he replied in an accent different from the former witness, “Bartholomew O'Brian, an't please your honour.”

This man after undergoing a long examination emitted nothing, either to throw light upon the abduction, or to criminate his companions; for when interrogated respecting the parcel—its contents, and the person from whom he received

it, he sought no escape by equivocation, but obstinately refused to answer.

It was now apparent, that whatever service Lord Macdonnell had rendered to the executive government, in securing these persons and the papers they were in possession of, he had completely failed in gaining the slightest information on the subject in which he was most interested. Of children, nurse, confederate, or accessory, he had learned absolutely nothing. The veil that shrouded the whole transaction was impenetrable. Each witness voluntary or otherwise, was alike unable or unwilling to furnish a clue to it; and all that could be substantially established was, that the two infants were seen in a part of Sackville-street, with their nurse, about noon on the preceding Tuesday. Liberal as were his rewards, and indefatigable as were the persons employed, his money and their toil had been expended in vain. There was one forlorn ray of hope unextinguished—namely, the evidence of his mother and sister; but that was so feeble, that he almost regretted he had sanctioned the order for their examination. This, however, was to take place on the morrow, or succeeding day, and would decide the importance of their testimony.

CHAPTER IV.

O! then, belike, she was old and gentle, and you rode like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight trossers.—

Be warned by me, then; they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs.—*King Henry F.*

It was a doleful day at Baldunaven Castle, when old Lady Macdonnell and the Lady Mary took their departure in the rusty, antiquated, deep-green-empannelled family chariot, which had not evolved a wheel for two or three twelvemonths at the least. A total eclipse of the sun for a week, or the appearance of a comet so near this globe as in the east to singe the mustaches of the Grand Seigneur, or in the cool west sour the milk of the best dairy maids in Kerry, would not, to adopt a modern flower of speech, have produced a greater sensation.

This is not to be wondered at, when the secluded life which her ladyship led is consi-

dered. Voluntarily devoted to the performance of private religious rites, for the purpose of eradicating the foul odium which by a son of hers she deemed had been cast upon her house's honour and her church's faith, she had scarcely ever once trespassed during the period we mention upon the pastimes, upon the pleasures, or upon the habits of common intercourse in the neighbourhood. These taciturn feelings in some degree made her forgotten, even in those circles where she once shone; and they imposed upon the Lady Mary restrictions; ungenerous as regarded her future prospects and amiable attractions, and cruel as they denied her the *jouissance* of such society as befitted her rank and station. Those charms that would have lit up affection wherever they appeared, were veiled and unknown. But a few of her own kinsmen had seen the Lady Mary since she had reached womanhood; and although my Lady so-and-so, and the honourable Miss such-a-one, *believed* her to be a very pretty girl, and extremely attentive to her mother, yet but a very limited number of these fashionable persons had had an opportunity of meeting with the individual they praised.

Another circumstance that made the visit to

Dublin so extraordinary, was the suddenness of its announcement, two or three hours only after the alarming visit of the dragoons. Not even a whisper had transpired among the domestics, as to the real object of the journey; and as is natural with such persons, with whom ignorance is suspicion, their apprehensions conjured up impending evils which had existence only in their own brains. All the crimes, or supposed crimes of the house of Macdonnell from time immemorial were rehearsed and discussed, and put in the balance with the imaginary consequences they dreaded. Old sayings were reconstrued—predictions ancient as the turrets of the castle were brought upon the carpet—the visions of seers and harpers, of minstrels grey with age and buckaugh greyer with iniquity, were all promiscuously tossed into the magic cauldron, to assume such forms, or lead to such results as they might. Some murdered kerne was seen to wade the dark stream of the Brosna at the dead hour, with his winding-sheet bloody, and his sunken grief-worn eyes turned upon the castle. O'Finglan the old harper, before the morning mist had risen, was seen to sit upon the cliff, wailing in plaintive strains the forthcoming misfortunes of the family. The owl was heard

to screech, and the white-hooded raven to flap his wing on the pinnet of the “ harper’s tower,” late in the still loneliness of the night. Beds seemed to shake in the servants’ sleeping rooms—the bed-clothes felt cold and damp—spirits were seen in the foggy air—horrid forms were observed to peep in at the stanchions of the windows—the dog turned seven times round in his bed—and the turf fire went out at an unusually early hour—all fearful forebodings of what was soon to come to pass.

Long before the September sun had peeped from under his sea-green curtains, the whole castle was astir, making preparations for the journey, and waiting the commands of her ladyship.

“ Ochone! ochone!” said the old house-keeper, tearing the little remains of silvery locks which time and the honest servitude of forty years had left her; “ ochone! that Kathleen O’Conner should live to see the day dat would take her old ladyship and the dear swate Lady Mary away to be murdered be plunderers an’ heretics, as der own Francis (our Mother betide him!) was done just t’other day: ochone! ochone!”

“ *Gramachree!* och! och!” lamented another, “ dat I should have washed out her ladyship’s

chamber, and kept it *so* clane, morning after morning, an' should have lit de turf in de black-room, and dusted de cloth, an' de books, and her ladyship's aisy chair, an' carried up de pitcher o' water, as reglar as de dew fell or de frost came, from Saint 'Rasmus' spring, and brought her palm, and rue, from de garden, and may-bé a bunch o' rosemary, an' dat *this* should be de end on't, an' dat her ladyship's own housemaid should be left to die wid grief after all."

"Ay, ay," interposed another female, "de harper's words will be true at last—

' While the Wolf-dog sits on the portal arch,
And the sacring bell in the chapel chimes,
While the ladye drinks from St. Rasmus' spring,
This house shall be in after times.

When a ladye fair is childless left,
To look from the castle wall,
And a recreant knight is a lawful lord,
This noble house shall fall.'

"Ay, ay, I dreamed o' em no further than last night, and I know we shall never see her ladyship or the Lady Mary again."

"I feared the same," observed the first speaker, "for I heard the cairach at the dead hour, and de whilliloo was screeching loud, and I dreamt I was at a wake, and the corpse opened his eyes, and sat up by the fire, and looked at

me, and then at its cold stiff limbs, and the rest o' de wakers fled, and left me alone wid the dead corpse."

"Dear Mishtress O'Connor," struck in the second speaker, "What do ye think?" said she, speaking in the lowest whisper, "I dreamt I heard the dead-cry o' poor Tim Braddy who was drowned in Loch Squibogue,—for ye know we were to be married on de very day o' de accident,—and he called on me, maneing that I should leave the castle; an' he put his head above de water; and his red hair was as long and as life-like, as when we parted; an' he waved his hand and looked kindly; an' I crossed meself, and prayed to de Virgin; but I could not speak loud enough for de roaring o' de trees in the wind; an' so poor Tim shook his head and sunk again in the waters, an' I awaked; but och! Kathleen, would ye believe it? de cold swate was running down me face like big drops o' rain, an' I was as chill as if I had been sleeping in a wood on a December night."

"Be St. Patrick," said the old groom entering the kitchen and drawing his horny hand across his eyes, "this be rather a long ride for Alfred and Frisky and de two Kerryers, poor bastes—an' de roads so soft wid the night's

rain too—well, its no wid Loonie's consent any-how."

"Troth, Mishter Loonie," said one of the females, somewhat offended at the interest which the groom took in the cattle beyond *other* interests which she deemed more worthy his consideration, "Troth, Mishter Loonie, it might be better becoming you to think of something else than brute bastes that have no souls to be saved; and if you have not been after saying your matins, the sooner you are pleased to do so the better may be, for yourself, and others, Mishter Loonie."

Now, Loonie O'Lash who had been head groom at Baldunaven Castle for the long space of six-and-twenty years, and who moreover was as good a Christian, in a moderate way, as ever went to mass in a stable jerkin, did not altogether relish the liberty which Miss Judy Macbrush, the kitchen-maid, had been pleased to take with his conscience in the repetition of his matins, and the detracting manner in which she alluded to his favourite animals; nor did he think that the kitchen among a parcel of blubbering women was the right place for him to be in, and he according *backed out*, not, however, till he had remarked "that surely Miss Judy had a great many sins of her own to repent of,

or she would not be so often reminding other people o' their pathereens;" but he forgave her, he continued, "on account o' her temper, poor girl, which had never been good since Tim Braddy the blacksmith, who it was said was drowned, *ran away on account o' her*, and listed in Lord Clanricade's dragoons, poor sowl."

But the floods of grief were not confined to these persons, important as they all were in their own sphere. The gardener imagined that his roses and honeysuckles had blown for the last time. The butler looked at his polished keys with a sigh; for if her ladyship were once gone, neither Father O'Leary nor any of the good monks of St. Thomas he thought would have any errands to the castle, and of course his occupation would be gone also. The cook was the only one who said little on the occasion; for since the death of the late lord, her business was but the shadow of former times; and the larder that used to cheer her eyes, with its goodly stock of deer and game of all sorts—sirloins, pigsnouts, and mutton that would have made an alderman commit felony even in the dog-days, besides, in their season, all sorts of fish and poultry, was but the ghost of what it had been, and which she never could approach

without the tear standing in her eye. She therefore conceived that when the good fare was gone, there was nothing worth living for, and that as she had to die of a broken heart in the end, the sooner that event took place the better; "for," added she, as she blessed herself, "*our modder* knows best for what sins these woes have come upon the house of Macdonnell and its poor handmaidens."

A full hour before daylight the servants had the luggage packed; and the groom, who on this emergency was also to act the part of postillion-in-chief, had with the assistance of Alfred and Frisky drawn up the carriage close by the steps of the portico.

It had been arranged that the Confessor, Father O'Leary, should accompany their ladyships on the journey—as a sort of chevalier-religieux, or master of the ceremonies, whose gallantry would not only protect them, but whose conversation would help to banish the unpleasant reflections which the nature of their situation could not fail to produce. Every thing being in readiness the party drove off amid the blessings and tears of the domestics.

In those days, when the flinty science of

Macadam was as little studied as it was understood, the distance from the southeastern part of Roscommon to the Irish metropolis, was, for a four-wheeled vehicle especially, an adventure of two days' duration. And even this speed depended not a little on the strength of the horses, the facility of procuring relays, and most of all on the state of the weather. After a day's rain, or immediately subsequent to severe frosts, a journey of nearly seventy miles, as this was, was the work of a week; so that travellers were not only exposed to fatigue, and the disagreeable delays attendant on this mode of travelling, but they were moreover liable to be laid under contribution or otherwise molested, by the swarms of ferocious robbers who claimed a sort of hereditary right to pillage all who passed through their walk or mountain; besides being exposed to the more irregular but oftentimes more dangerous attacks of wandering outlaws and occasional freebooters, who lived upon travellers, when the completion of the harvest left them nothing else to do; as well as of straggling troops of buckaugh or gipsies, who cared not to take a purse when an opportunity offered.

Loonie O'Lash who was head postillion on

this occasion, as beforementioned, apparelled in his shamrock-coloured jerkin and tawny sheepskin overalls, the livery of the Macdonnells since the flood, was not a little proud to see his well fed glossy galloways, snorting and puffing under the weight of riders, and a machine sufficiently heavy even when empty upon such roads for any animals of their inches, but by far too much so, when laden with six persons, including her ladyship's maid and Barnabas the footman, a man of some considerable weight, who was placed behind. Proud indeed, we say, was Loonie, and often did he look behind him, to exchange a smile or nod with Barnabas, which he did in a way peculiar to himself, and which was meant to say, "See, my boy, how Alfred and Frisky can do it, barring all praise to the groom, who knows good oats from bad any day—and de use of 'em too, thank God."

The family chariot it would be presumption in us to attempt to sketch, without having a blazoner, japanner, and regular lancer of King Charles's times at our elbow, to give us the dimensions, and enumerate the various superfluous bolts, pivots and springs, which then were deemed indispensables in the noble art of coach-building. It was however the first *caroche* which the sun had ever shone upon beyond the

western confines of the county of Kildare, and the only vehicle of the sort that had as yet appeared in the kingdom of Connaught. Being purchased in London to give *eclat* to the marriage favours of the late baron and the present dowager, both of them in the spring of life, and foremost in the ranks of elegance and fashion, and the latter for personal charms bearing the palm above all her compeers—it is not surprising that it was taken care of, to the utmost skill and attention of Loonie and his predecessors. But it was ill suited for the deep rutted roads of the interior of Ireland; and no disparagement to its architect, might have been as safe and expeditious in its movements *without* wheels and axletrees, as with these elsewhere supposed-to-be necessary appendages. We mean not to insinuate however that its hull would have made as excellent a steam packet, as it did a coach; but only that had it been well caulked in the underworks, it might at small cost have been converted into an indifferent good pleasure barge for the Killarney lakes, or a fishing-smack for the lochs and estuaries of *Connamara*.

High mettled as were the horses, yet it was pre-arranged that their slavery, for the time being, should terminate at the end of two

stages, which would bring them to Rigglehaggart, then a small village in the King's County, and about ten Connaught miles from the eastern boundaries of Roscommon.

King's County is in every geographical and geological feature different from its western sister. It is composed of rich valleys, extensive marshes or bogs, deep defiles fertile with brushwood and brambles, and long and steep ridges of considerable elevation. Roscommon on the other hand is, or to speak in the security tense, *was*, (for it is no uncommon thing amid the marvellous of the Emerald Isle for mountains and marshes to change their position) a flat uninteresting country, with few ascents of any moment, and fewer precipices of any danger.

Our travellers reached the first stage with as much expedition and as little hazard as could have been expected. The nags however began now to feel the weight of their train. Loonie's cord whip, the better no doubt for having been plaited by himself, had not, it is true, been *much* applied, considering all things; but here, where the brows of the hills began to present themselves, and the consecutive *pulls* began to multiply, and become more vertical, his steed-philanthropy, so congenial to his country-

men ever since his time, began to fail; and he not only found it requisite to apply the cord, but at steep ascents he was necessitated to have recourse to the sharpened nail, which he had ingeniously fastened to the end of the handle, every well aimed thrust of which into the flanks of the gallows, urged them to the "hark forward" as well as would have done the best silver-mounted spurs.

But the truth is the poor creatures were fagged, and scarified in the withers from the plumpness of their condition; and yet they were at the least eight or nine Irish miles from their relays.

Drumsculloch mountain overlooks some of the finest scenery in that romantic part of the country; and the road which then winded, by a gradual rise along the margin of the beautiful glen of the same name, towards the brow of the mountain, was in many places steep and rugged, and even in the clearest daylight deemed dangerous from the numerous acute angles which it was necessary to take, to avoid jutting precipices, and deep fissures formed by the winter torrents. Along this path it was the lot of Alfred and Frisky to pass. Exhausted they evidently were, but the head groom had too high an opinion of their

mettle to acknowledge it. He lashed and pricked the poor animals with all the might and mercy he could spare; till at last put to the proof beyond all endurance, with one desperate pull they extricated the fore-wheels from beneath the carriage, which commenced a retrograde movement down the ascent, till coming in contact with a stone, it first performed a sort of sumerset, and then in the twinkling of an eye, their Ladyships, the priest, the hind-wheels, waiting-maid, footman and all, were precipitated to the bottom of the contiguous ravine.

“St. Denis an’ the Virgin be wid me!” exclaimed the petrified Loonie O’Lash, when he looked round, and beheld nothing but the fore-wheels, “where be de ould chariot?”

The declivity down which the cumbrous vehicle rolled, reckless of the lives of the hapless personages it contained, was on both sides clothed with the dwarf trees and shrubs indigenous to such places. The stunted wild birch and sloethorn—the hazel and the bramble, with here and there, a mountain-ash laden with fruit—grew in undisturbed luxuriance on both sides of the dell; at the bottom of which ran a fine trouting stream, that two or three miles below fell into the Shannon. Had the accident hap-

pened in any other part of the glen, which in most places abounded with precipices of less or more height, and where the underwood was more scanty, the destruction of our travellers would have been almost inevitable. But such was the situation of the place, from its gentle descent, and the profusion of long grass, fern, and broom, that the carriage bowed along among the bushes, in comparative safety; so much so, that when it stuck fast in one of the shallow grassy pools of the rivulet, none of the party had sustained any mortal or material damage.

It is hard to say, whether the alarmed postilion-in-chief would ever have taken it into his head to search for the caroché in the extraordinary place where it had taken shelter; or that he would have been able to account for its sudden disappearance; had he not, as he gazed behind him, seen three persons speedily dismount from their horses, and plunge down the hollow in the direction the chariot had taken. It did not become him to speak, or do any thing more than make the sign of the cross on his forehead, for he verily believed, that these human shapes he had seen, were Cloorighana, the generalissimo of the goblins, with two of his aides-de-camp, who had undoubtedly carried off to some contiguous purgatory, their ladyships, confessor, and all.

Although Loonie was polite enough to remain silent; and although his companion had no right to speak first, he being but deputy groom, as it were; still the former could not resist the temptation, of seeing the goblins' horses; which having critically examined, he pronounced to be of the most thorough-bred kind, though rather lank and wide in the fillets, which he opined might have been occasioned by the ignorance of their grooms, or the badness of their provender, which he was inclined to think could not be of the most nutritive description in such a climate as that of the kingdom of the hobgoblins.

The strangers he had seen, however, were quite a different description of beings, and they arrived just in time to render essential service to the sufferers.

No sooner had the carriage found a resting-place, than the reverend Father, who was a hale, hardy, personage for his years, began to scramble out at the broken door-panel, a sort of sky-light, and the only aperture of egress. His face bore some marks of his disaster, but he was soon placed on his feet. The Lady Dowager and her daughter were lifted out in a state of insensibility, though apparently unhurt; while Kathleen O'Connor was scarcely

in a better condition, and had sustained some trifling lacerations.

The old Lady speedily recovered, and the first exclamation she uttered was in an accent of terror and anguish "Where is my child?"

Her mother's voice acted like a spell on the suspended animation of the young lady—her bosom heaved with one oppressive and convulsive throb, and she opened her dark languid eyes, leaning on the arm of the young officer whom she had yesterday met under very different circumstances. In an instant her mother was at her side, to congratulate her on their happy and miraculous escape.

Confused as the Lady Mary was at finding herself in such a position, and in such a presence, her mother was equally astonished at recognising the officer.

"To what chance or prescience, sir," said she, addressing him, "are we to attribute the opportune and invaluable service you have rendered us?"

"Name not my service, Lady," replied the stranger, "this incident, painful as it may be to you, is to me the happiest of my life. I chanced to be riding in the same direction as your Ladyship, followed by my servants, when the carriage broke down; and I have done no

more than courtesy and duty demanded in giving you my best assistance."

"Gallant," rejoined the Lady Dowager, grateful to, and captivated at the same time with the manner of, our hero, "the expression of our poor thanks is but a cold mode of proving how deeply we are indebted to you, but I fear, that circumstanced as we are,"—and here she surveyed the bushy and branching slope, over which they had been precipitated, not forgetting to bestow a glance on the now shattered vehicle,—“and yet I fear, it is *all* we can offer you."

"I am abundantly rewarded in the felicity I feel at being a party to your deliverance; but, my Lady," continued the officer, "this is no field for parlance—let us regain the high-road, and there deliberate what is next to be done;" and so saying, he offered his arm to the Ladies to lead them from the glen.

But in the laudable exertion of each to attend to individual interests, Loonie O'Lash, the deputy postillion, and the footman, were forgotten. The two former, it is true, were considered to be safe, but *where*, except at the end of the stage, no one could divine. Some reasonable fears, however, were entertained for Barnabas; for it was known that he was be-

hind the carriage, and could not possibly have escaped the accident, without ere this reaching the distressed party. The officer's servants were accordingly despatched in search of him. These men were English dragoons, and although they cared extremely little about the loss of a Connaught serf, yet in obedience to their master's commands, they beat about the bushes over which the carriage rolled, expecting to light upon the unfortunate footman with a fracture of the *os occipitalis* at least, or discover the top of his beaver on the surface of a quagmire into the bowels of which he had been dashed by the first grand jolt of the carriage.

But presently it appeared that the blessed martyrs had not so deserted Barnabas O'Shaughnessy. He had been propelled into a quagmire it is true—one of those bubbling springs, that are to be met with on the sides of glens and hills, soft and marshy for several yards around their margin, and with the aid of water-cresses and wild daffodils, sufficiently deep, to give a middle sized man some uneasiness who chances to light into one in a horizontal position. At the overset of the chariot, Barney had first been tossed into the air—next into the centre of a hazel bush and last of all, rolling

over a shelfy part of the rock, he was safely lodged in the cool spring aforesaid.

The poor servant thus *plunged* in the service of his mistress was beginning to emerge from his slough, when he met the eye of the dragons.

“A ho! knave, art dead?” bawled one from the shelf that overlooked the quagmire.

“Fait an’ it’s more dan I know shure.”

“Dost waant any help?” said the other, keeping at the same time a respectful distance.

“Ay, shure—to *clane* my galligaskins,” responded the imperturbable Barney, rising upon his feet, and wading out of the mud.

“Do a’t theeself,” rejoined the first speaker, “and attend thee Lady, who waants thee on the road aboove,” and they both left him to find his way upwards as he thought fit.

CHAPTER V.

You're deluded——

This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,
Born to better fame than you can build her,
And eyes above your pitch.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

THE young soldier whom we have introduced to the reader was Ludowic Kennedy, only son of Sir Francis Kennedy, a Nova Scotia baronet, who held considerable estates in the county of Wigton, in Scotland, and, at the time to which we allude, was Governor of Cork Castle, in Ireland. Young Ludowic was a captain in the —— regiment of Dragoons, stationed at Aviemar, then a village on the borders of Roscommon, for the purpose of suppressing those insurrectionary irruptions which were repeatedly bursting forth and desolating that part of the kingdom. He was only in his twenty-third year; and although the influence of his father had in some measure contributed to his rapid promotion, yet to an agreeable person and fascinating manners he added a knowledge of

his profession, and such a portion of the caution and bravery of the soldier, as had early recommended him to his superior officers, and had induced the colonel to employ him on the delicate mission to Baldunaven Castle.

As soon as the officer and the ladies reached the *terra firma* from which they had been flung, they became the more sensible of the distressing plight they were in, and the succour they had received. They were, as we said above, some eight or nine miles from Rigglehaggart, and the day, that had been remarkably fine in the morning, was now not only far spent, but wore an unprepossessing appearance, from the drizzly small rain that fell upon the mountain. In these circumstances the Lady Dowager could ill conceal the apprehensions she felt; for besides her inability to walk that distance, she contemplated with horror the possibility of an attack from freebooters.

Captain Kennedy therefore lost no time in proffering his assistance. “Madam,” said he, “I owe it to the courtesy of my rank and the garb I wear, to inform your ladyship of your real situation. You cannot reach Rigglehaggart to-night. My knowledge of this part of the country, and my influence with *some* of the families hard by, can command for you the

rites of hospitality, and an attendance becoming your rank, should your ladyship deign to accept these at the hands of a stranger."

"My gallant young gentleman," replied the Lady Dowager, "we are too much beholden to thy address to rate thee as a stranger. Essay as it befits thee; for, Heaven fend my purpose! I am so widowed to this world, and intermingle so rarely with its ceremonies, and withal bear about with me (the interests of my dear daughter and the outcasts of my family excepted) so little interest in any thing but my soul's future peace, that I wot not why to protect my child and my servants from the peril of the way, it would be unbecoming in a distressed lady to accept the hospitality of the veriest stranger in the kingdom, so that he were not the assured enemy of my house."

"And this was all the condescension I sought, my Lady," rejoined Kennedy. "At about a mile's distance from hence stands Tullybogue Castle, the seat of Sir Pettigrew Malverne, to whom I have the honour of being an unworthy nephew; there I can command for you the accommodation you require."

"And this I conjecture is the nearest abode?"

"It is, my Lady, where you can obtain the means of travelling onwards to-morrow."

“And what is to be thy guerdon, Sir Officer,” inquired her Ladyship, her spirits heightening up as the prospect of extrication from the dilemma cleared,—“what is to be thy guerdon for this courtesy?”

“Madam,” answered Kennedy, laying his hand upon his heart, “Madam, IT IS HERE.”

Father O’Leary was not a little perplexed in being made the umpire on this occasion, and yet his opinion and concurrence were indispensably required. He bethought him of Sir Pettigrew Malverne, who, although a Protestant, he was aware, had never, further than his military rank obliged him, taken any part in the broils of the country. Who Kennedy was he could not conceive; but from his relationship with the former, he deemed him to be of some Protestant family also. These circumstances, or rather conjectures, did not however furnish him with any tangible grounds of objection to the proposal of the officer; but he thought it apposite to state, “that about two miles in a northerly direction was a small convent of nuns of the order of St. Agnes, who, he doubted not, would gladly afford their Ladyships the shelter and the homely comforts of their sanctuary; and as for the servants, they could post onwards to the next stage, and procure some

conveyance, to be in readiness at the convent in the morning." For himself, he said, "the disasters of the day demanded severe penance, and he would therefore, after conducting her Ladyship and the Lady Mary (should they consent to his plan) to the hall of the convent, repair to the hermitage of Friar Lestrange, and with that holy brother spend the solitude of the night in fasting, and supplications to the saints—his lonely cave for their chapel, and the singing din of the bourn and the trees for the psalmody of their worship."

To this the Lady Mary replied, that however convenient might be the convent of St. Agnes, or disposed might be its *religieuse* to receive them, yet she was afraid her mother was unable to walk or ride so far in the rain, and at so late an hour in the afternoon.

This put an end to the conference, and the whole party betook themselves to Tullybogue Castle.

General Sir Pettigrew Malverne, now an old man, had earned his reputation as a soldier in the wars, and in the service of the famous Marshal de Turenne. He had returned to spend the evening of his life on the beautiful and romantic lands of Tullybogue, an estate bequeathed to him by his maternal grandfather,

and indeed the only property which, for all his hard battles and scars, he could call his own. The veteran soldier received the noble companions of his nephew, for whom he had a great fondness, with his usual French politeness, and pressed upon them every sort of refreshment which his house afforded, or which he thought their condition required; and ordered his servants to prepare for them his most spacious and comfortable apartments.

In rendering the situation of the ladies as agreeable as circumstances would admit, young Kennedy was most assiduous. He had left no act of kindness undone which he conceived could be pleasing to them. He had anticipated every arrangement which his knowledge of the distance to Dublin—the state of the roads—and the wants of females so circumstanced, might require; so that when the conversation turned upon the business of the morrow, he intimated that his uncle's carriage (a vehicle of thirty years later construction than her Ladyship's wrecked one) would be in readiness with fresh horses to take them to Riggleshaggart, and further if they might deem it necessary. All that remained, therefore, was to know the hour at which her Ladyship in-

tended to start, which she said she was desirous to do at daybreak next morning.

At an early hour, therefore, the mansion or castle of Tullybogue resumed its wonted quiet. The domestics snored in their trucks, and its more noble guests were either courting the same repose, or ruminating, in their several retirements, on the events of the day.

Of the most restless of the restless was our young hero. He felt himself pleased and perplexed he knew not why; and the more he mused on what had happened, the more did he think himself in a dream, surrounded by chimeras of his mind's creation. He saw, in the wild perspective of his frenzy, the promontory on which stood the object of his ambition; he contemplated the projecting crags which threatened to crush him; he beheld the palisades, and the chevaux-de-frize, and the charged mines, by which the citadel was fortified; he measured all consequences and all hazards; he applied his reason to his passion and found it boundless; he remembered every look, and every gesture, and every undisguised expression of feature, which furnished fuel to his hopes, and wound the charm more closely round his heart; he weighed his own rank and his patrimony, and

he considered the desolation that reigned *elsewhere*, and, in the ecstasy of the moment, he sprang from his sleepless bed, making the room ring with the violence of the concussion, exclaiming, “ *She shall be mine, by heaven!*”

There was an excess of folly, delusion, and even incipient madness in this conduct, no doubt—much of that hairbrained irascibility and resolution which lead fools into pitfalls, and carry wise men through the world on the wings of fame and fortune. Young Kennedy, however, was prudent and reflective as well as resolute. He saw obstacles in his way nevertheless; and this burst of passion, however characteristic of the young soldier and the ardent lover, was still nothing more than the impulse of the moment, and the result of a few glances from a pretty girl’s eyes, in an hour of agitation and difficulty, which a month perhaps would obliterate, and another pair of eyes totally eclipse.

So Kennedy mused as he walked up and down his apartment. But it often occurs, that in the midst of conflicting resolves, a man upbraids himself most with those which are dictated by the greatest share of foresight and precaution; and consequently he is impelled from calm judgment to precipitate rashness,

and yields to the violence of his attachment what he shortly before conceded to prudence and discretion.

“Hence, such considerations!” said he, as he paced to and fro; “What is religious propinquity to me, if my affections must be marred—if to gain the benedicite of kindred, my wife is to be a mere treaty of commerce—a *bonus*, paid like the alms of the denizen, to appease the wrath of offended spirits, and wipe out past sins? Why are such passions, such affections given me, if I must yield to tyrant custom, and prefer playing the hypocrite with some tinsel shrivelled creature I despise, to enjoying domestic and reciprocal affection with the woman of my heart? Out upon such sentiments, say I! There are obstacles in the way, I confess; but why should they be insurmountable? Time will accomplish a change of circumstances: Lord Macdonnell is a zealous Protestant; and if once the old lady were climbed the gates of Saint Peter, I mistake my boyish discernment much, if there will be many barriers in the quarter where, heaven knows! I am most interested.”

“A goodly speech, and right passionately delivered,” said a tall figure, wrapped in a roquelaire, as it opened Kennedy’s chamber-

door; "but thou art not a true gallant to let her Ladyship *climb* the gates, when thou mayest, *even now*, help her in by another channel"——

"Villain!" interposed the officer, his constitutional bravery getting the better of his prudence, for he had neither fire-arms nor weapons of defence of any kind in the apartment; "villain! what seek'st thou hither?"

"To confer with thee, Ludowic de Kennedy, as thy fathers were called, touching certain matters wherein thou art suspected of having some interest"——

"I know of no matters," again interrupted the soldier, "which can justify *any* stranger in disturbing my privacy at such an hour."

"I'll propound them then, Cavalier, for peradventure thou longest to renew thy love-lorn apostrophes to thy fancy's mistress—black eyes and raven ringlets which can never be thine."

"Be brief, then, at thy peril."

"Conjure no perils, Sir Knight, or by Saint Andrew you may find those of my Ferrara more dangerous than any which sweet maidens' eyes possess. But hear my cartel. You have brought hither, from honourable motives I question not, Lady Macdonnell and her

daughter. I warn thee, offer no courtesy to the Lady Mary that befits not thy condition to one who is the betrothed bride of another. Mince no honied words of silly love to her ear—exchange no glances of remembrance, that may bear a meaning which neither of you can fulfil. *There is an eye upon you!* and if thou aspire to win what *canst not* be thine, it shall be at thy life's hazard."

"Who is he that dares to measure my courtesy, or limit my affections? Thou speakest truly with the air and bearing of a cavalier, and as if thou wert the *betrothed* thyself;—if so thou art, there is another kind of *parlance* which he ought to learn who challenges the honourable hopes or attachments of a Kennedy."

"Right heroically uttered again, my gallant," continued the stranger; "but thou mistakest my bearing, young Knight, for it as little becometh me to measure thy courtesy, as to break a lance or measure swords with thee, about this lady-love, being as I am but the echo of another's voice—an *avant courier* of thy fate, which I rede thee is fixed, shouldest thou turn braggart, and treat my warning scornfully." Having so delivered himself, the stalwart soldado tossed a packet upon the floor, turned him about, and

walked as leisurely away as if he had been some ghost or ghostly confessor on a visit to a sick bed.

In the unutterable astonishment of the moment, Kennedy, regardless of the packet, had just recollection enough to open the lattice and obtain a more distinct view of his visiter, as he strode over the court-yard. The chamber where he was, and which he generally occupied on his visits to Tullybogue, was on the lower floor of the building, and opened into a small triangular area, which communicated with the stable-yard by a stair of a few steps. This apartment was preferred by him to any other in the castle, from the facilities it afforded of communication with his servants, when preparing for early field sports, as it gave him egress without going round by the hall door, or by any of the menial entrances of the house. The door upon the staircase was usually bolted on the inside—so much so, indeed, that he seldom thought of examining it. In addition to this, the door that opened into the stable-yard was also usually fastened; so that the stranger, in obtaining admission, had made his way through both of these doors. He retreated by them at least; and as he passed, Kennedy observed him to be a tall athletic man, of firm step, and mili-

tary carriage, and withal closely enveloped in a camp cloak, over which he had chosen to fling a sort of roquelaire common to the period, and probably for purposes of concealment. He was booted and spurred, and wore a broad slouched hat which effectually screened his features from observation. He walked slowly across the area, and, to the additional surprise of the officer, was followed by a short and slender looking person, muffled in a grey-coloured mantle; but whether this last was male or female—boy or woman in disguise, it was impossible to say.

“Who, in heaven’s name, can this be?” muttered Kennedy, as he saw his visiter vanish by the stable-yard, and as he gazed at the white clouds, and then at the dark shadow of the southern angle of the castle in the moonlight, to ascertain whether he did not dream in reality. At last his bewildered senses triumphed over his doubts; and as he dashed the lattice to its former position, he repeated aloud—“By all that’s sacred, who can this be?”

The first determination he arrived at was, that the extraordinary message he had received was the emanation of some concocted scheme, set on foot by desperate persons, who at this juncture meditated, not so much the frustration

of his intentions, as some daring outrage on the person of the Lady Mary. The second conclusion he came to was, that his visiter was an emissary of some of the O'Gormans or Macdonnells, kinsmen of the family, who, for private purposes, had been watching the progress of their Ladyships to the metropolis, and were suspicious of the hospitality they were receiving at the hands of heretic strangers. And following up this conclusion with an unavoidable inference, he believed that his uncle's mansion contained persons easily available to the schemes or unfounded suspicions of such persons, chiefly from the sympathy of their similar creeds.

. So reasoned Captain Kennedy ; and although the English accent of the stranger staggered him, yet in the madness of the instant he did not doubt he was beset by eaves-droppers and conspirators. He suspected the old Priest—he believed the dwarf attendant of the intruder to be Kathleen O'Connor—he thought he heard Loonie O'Lash talking treason to Alfred and Frisky—and he conceived he saw the fat footman sliding out of the larder into the kitchen, laden with plots against his peace. He resolved to sound the tocsin immediately—hold a drum-head court-martial, and in the despatch

of Connaught justice have all the delinquents shot before day-dawn upon the Chatellany.

But a single second's cooler reflection changed his purpose. What ! alarm the Lady Mary—arouse the Lady Dowager—and torture the General, his uncle, into a fresh fit of the gout ? No, that would have been ungallant. The business, though somewhat important to himself, might easily be postponed till to-morrow. He even carried his philosophy further, and resolved to bury what occurred, for the present, in his own breast, trusting that time and circumstances would solve the riddle.

But he had forgot the packet, and as he rose with the dawn it was his first business to examine its contents. These were simply a recapitulation of the *warning*, as the writer called it, which, “as a friend,” he had thought it his duty to give ; “especially as any attempt, on his part, to divert the affections of the Lady Mary from their *legitimate* object, would be attended with results hazardous to his personal safety in Ireland.” The “warning” was written in a distinct Italian hand, and Kennedy conceived that it was the intention of the messenger simply to have thrown it in at his bed-chamber window, or otherwise place it within his reach ; but that

the doors being accidentally left unfastened, he had availed himself of the opportunity of delivering it *ore tenus*.

At the same foggy hour rose the Lady Dowager and her daughter. Soon was the equipage at the door—the luggage saved from the wreck of yesterday repacked—and the head postillion reduced to a sort of deputy to the “English rider” of the castle.

The General handed the Lady Dowager, and Captain Kennedy the Lady Mary, to their respective seats in the carriage; after an interchange of parting compliments—of expressions of gratitude on the one part, and condescension on the other—accompanied with a *carte-blanc* to our hero to honour Baldunaven Castle with his visits; “For,” said her Ladyship, “though I be a sojourner there of disputed title, (alas! that it should be so) holding as it were the garrison *vi et armis*; and though my occupation be alien to the pursuits of such a gallant as thou; yet is my daughter able to do thee the courtesy of her house, and the hospitality of a Macdonnell;”—accompanied also by an assurance from the Lady Mary herself, that if Captain Kennedy pleased to honour the castle with his presence, she should strive to entertain him to the best of her ability; “as a lone

country maiden ;”—after which the horses bounded down the avenue, and were soon out of sight.

For the information of the curious in these matters, we have to state that nothing remarkable was seen to pass between the officer and the object of his affections, save that, according to the report of the gardener's wife, who, as was very natural, *happened* to be passing while the carriage drove along the green walk, the young lady put her head out at the window, and looked towards the castle, for no earthly object, as she, the said Mistress Tulip, did believe, but to take another “glink o' the young heir ;” but she hoped the old general's nephew had too much pure Scottish blood in his veins to mind the leers of any popish jilt that chose to look at him ; “and atweel gif ane may till what they see,” she added in her Scotch dialect, “this lady thing has nae great beauty to brag o', an' I'm nae that ill judge in thae matters weel o' wat,”—which profound opinion she followed by a contemptuous shake of her head, and the humming of a couplet of an old song—

“M'Leish's ae dochter o' Claversha-lea,
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.”

The adage of the “ Ill wind, &c.” was for the thousandth time fulfilled by the results of this adventure ; for during the night the Lady Dowager, cogitating on the dangers she had escaped, resolved to give five bushels of barley, and as many of oats, during her life, to the seven poor monks of the abbey of Rigglehaggart ; and to settle and bequeath, at her demise, to the same persons, and their successors and assigns, in all time coming, the same yearly quantity of barley and oats, *on condition* that a mass be said in the chapel of the said abbey, in commemoration of, and thanksgiving to the Saints for, her great and providential deliverance ;—which bequest, if there be any justice in Ireland, we doubt not is duly performed “ unto this day.”

CHAPTER VI.

Sirs, take your places and be vigilant ;
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Shakspeare.

FROM the period of the Duke of Ormond's appointment to the viceroyship of Ireland, by the first Charles, to the time of his *last* resignation of that office, towards the end of the reign of Charles the Second, he had experienced more varieties of fortune, and had contended with more daring spirits, and more unsettled times, than any of the lieutenants that had ruled before, or have succeeded him. A man of cautious policy, of military talent, and of eminent virtue, he steered his way towards the organization of the peace of that country, heedless of the clamour of one party, or the plots and threats of another. The individuals he had to tranquillize—the combinations he had to watch—the bigotry he had to appease or subdue; and the prepossessions of the king on the one

hand, and the English parliament on the other, which he had to modify and restrain; prove him to have been a statesman of consummate tact and ability.

But it was not the heartburnings only of the Protestant and Catholic factions which he had to guard against. There was a mixed body, a sort of nondescript association, that occupied all his vigilance—that exposed his person and his administration to danger—and that embroiled and distracted the kingdom from one extreme to the other.

On the one hand was a political priest of the name of Rinuncini, sent to Ireland by his holiness the Pope, in the character of Nuncio. This firebrand, in the execution of his politico-religious commission, laboured incessantly to convince the Catholic nobility of their strength, and of the facility with which they might restore the worship of the church of Rome to its former supremacy and magnificence. The great body of the Catholics were not to be misled by this man's haughty and insolent conduct, or traduced to ruin by his more artful and inveigling insinuations. They had already suffered sufficiently from a mistaken estimate of their own strength; and they knew the power and resources of England too well, to

adventure, a second time, in a contest, the failure of which would but conduce to rivet their chains more firmly.

But although the leading families, and the better informed among the Catholics, saw through the desperate schemes of Rinuncini, there were others who were deceived by him. Younger sons of disaffected families, daring in proportion to their pride and poverty, and various others whom the distractions of the times had ruined, or whose fortunes were yet unformed, were not unwilling to join the Nuncio in any enterprise.

On the other hand there was a faction formed of disbanded soldiers—officers stripped of their epaulettes, and pennyless—veterans who had either been escheated of their lands, or had not, as they deemed, been adequately remunerated for their services. The Catholics combined principally from religious motives; but the soldiers plotted for their pay. They were chiefly presbyterians and independents, belonging to the province of Ulster—aided by individuals attached to their party in England and Scotland, who had reaped a plentiful harvest during the Interregnum, but whom the restoration of the king and prelacy had beggared. Many of these men were of respectable

families—had held high rank in the army of the Commonwealth; and had obtained portions of the attainted lands in reward of their services, which they held by the tenure of “Knight’s service *in capite*.” These lands had been taken from them at the Restoration; for such of the attainted as had proved their loyalty to the king, and were reinstated in their lands, had almost invariably been so reinstated at the cost of the disbanded soldiers.

Two unavoidable evils therefore—unavoidable from the parsimony of the nation—arose out of the act of indemnity; namely, while the the old attainted families remained unrestored to their hereditary possessions they threatened to involve the kingdom in rebellion, while those who were ejected without compensation assumed the same rebel attitude.

The hostile intentions and secret meetings of these two opposite factions were well known to the Lord Lieutenant; but all his vigilance could not discover the ring-leaders, nor the focus of the confederated officers. They had eluded his spies and piquets so effectually, and had been so true to one another, that he merely was convinced of the fact of their conspiracy, without being either cognizant with their chief rendezvous or their real designs.

This was the state of affairs in Dublin, at the time of the abduction of Lord Macdonnell's children. Whispers of plots, and assassinations—of sudden irruptions of rebels, and of the probable recurrence of a second “massacre,” had put the inhabitants of that city into a state of consternation and alarm. Against the Catholic party, his grace the Duke of Ormond was fully prepared; and he had adopted such measures, and had such a knowledge of the Nuncio's proceedings, that in the event of his party actually taking the field, he would soon have elevated the representative of the Pope to a situation to which probably his reverence did not aspire. But, for all this, he was completely in the dark as to the movements of the soldiers. He indeed suspected that they were regulated in their proceedings and views by persons chiefly residing in England, or occasionally passing between the two countries. But who these persons were, or how they travelled, or with whom they corresponded, he knew nothing. Such letters as he had been able to intercept at the seaports were either unintelligible, or had no relation to the enterprise; and although he anticipated, and even dreaded, a speedy explosion; yet did he not know from what quarter it was to come, or how to arrange his measures

to meet it when it should come. His only resource was in the strict discipline of the forces, stationed in the castle and in different parts of the city.

The confederated officers had chosen for one of their leaders, an ex-major of the Parliamentary army, of the name of Sarney. He was of the lowest extraction, his father having been a blacksmith, in a small village in the county of Armagh, in the north of Ireland. This person, as soon as he could escape from the sparks of his father's smithy, signalized himself by enlisting in an infantry regiment, the headquarters of which were at Belfast; from which, before his drill had been completed, he deserted, preferring the accoutrements of a dragoon in the service of Argyle, to those of a foot soldier in that of Montrose, for whom the infantry had been raised. At his very outset in life, therefore, he was a subaltern in the cause of the covenant; and in all his after life, slightly as he regarded religion of any kind, he still retained a sprinkling of the predilections he had imbibed for the Presbyterian discipline, at the humble and secluded fire-side of his parents. He afterwards entered the army under Cromwell, where he so much distinguished himself

as to attract the notice of that discriminating general, who subsequently raised him to the rank of Major, while with the English forces in Ireland. Bold, intriguing, and ambitious, he was able to turn the gospel mania of his fellow-officers to account, and command the confidence of his superiors. His valour was unquestionable; but the circumventing nature of his projects, more than his bravery, oftentimes carried him over difficulties, that would have proved fatal to a less wary or more open commander.

At an early period of his military career, he had been recommended to the duke of Buckingham, as a fit instrument for carrying into force some of his meaner intrigues; so that before Arthur Sarney had climbed beyond the rank of a parliamentary-army ensign, he had shown considerable talent as an officer in the espionage department of that nobleman. Indeed, never minister or statesman employed a more accomplished envoy, or one of better address, in the line of character he required. With a puritan preacher, no one knew better how to succeed. A fifth-monarchy man he could wind round his finger. He could encompass an outlawed or unindulged presbyterian pastor in the snares of argument,

and fight him single-handed upon any text of scripture he chose to name, to his heart's content. He was brimful of the cant and conventicle slang of the times; and from the scraps of bible lore in his father's kitchen, he had borne away such a sample as materially conduced to elevate his subsequent fortune. With the high-churchman he was equally qualified to wrestle; and he has not unfrequently sharpened the despondency of an expelled vicar, over a stoop of canary. In the same way has he rung changes with a reduced loyalist, groatless since the pension-list had been erased; and bandied about an oath and a tankard with some poor cavalier, necessitated to drink "d—n Cromwell," in brown beer instead of brandy. At a "love-feast," or a "bousing bout," Arthur had been equally distinguished; and when his object was to gain intelligence, or to trepan a barmaid for his noble patron, he did not hesitate to become the orator of the vilest rabble, and shine in scenes of the lowest dissipation.

There can be no doubt that Sarney owed much of his advancement in the army to the private influence of the duke of Buckingham; and that while with his regiment in Ireland, he was a secret emissary of that nobleman. He frequently visited England on leave of ab-

sence, and has been seen in Scotland, when it was hardly known to his brother officers that he had left head-quarters. These excursions exposed him to suspicion in the eyes of some who perhaps envied his influence; but they never militated to his hurt, in the estimation of his superiors. His exemplary conduct in the field compensated for his frequent aberrations. His sociality procured him abundance of boon companions among one sect, while his affected puritanism gained him crowds of loving sisters and brothers among another. He was one of those officers, who during the commonwealth had been paid his arrears in confiscated lands in Ireland, from which the happy restoration had haplessly ejected him. For some reason best known to the government, no compensation was allowed him. He had petitioned and memorialized in vain. It was even reported that the Duke of Ormond had been solicited by an individual of court influence to favour the suit of Sarney, but that secret resentments had operated to render the interposition abortive.

That personal feelings had had the effect of rendering the viceroy more peremptory in refusing the major's claim is not improbable, when all the facts are considered. Sarney was suspected of being an employé of Buckingham.

Ormond bore a haughty jealousy towards that nobleman, as well from his influence with Charles, as from the exertions he had made to thwart his measures, and if possible drive him from the lieutenancy of Ireland. Each of these statesmen was an eyesore to the other. Their hostility was perfectly mutual, excepting that Ormond never stooped to any of those meanesses, or acts of worthless hypocrisy and profligacy, which were the disgrace of Buckingham. The one was as incapable of committing or conniving at a dishonorable action, or of staining his coronet, by courting favour or popularity, from whatever quarter the wind blew—to-day standing up the advocate for the kirk—to-morrow displaying the lay flag of independency—on the third, the hero of sovereign episcopacy—and on the fourth, an humble suppliant at the shrine of St. Peter and the Virgin:—the one, we say, was as incapable of playing the buffoon, the hypocrite, or the profligate, as the other was proverbial for such conduct. Ormond knew that if Sarney had influence to obtain the kind offices of Buckingham in his behalf, it could only be from the secret services he had rendered him—services, perhaps, which bore some relation to his own measures as Lord Lieutenant. He therefore declined the favour sought by the

English minister, assigning as a reason, that he could not divert a single penny of the public money to compensate any individual officer, when so many equally meritorious were in a similar predicament.

Brookless of opposition to his measures as a minister, or to his foibles as a man, it is not to be wondered at, that his Grace carried in his breast this *hauteur* on the part of Ormond, to be resented at a future day. In the mean time, Sarney, landless and shillingless, and driven to despair by repeated denials of redress, became an active organ of the confederacy to which we have already alluded. In the progress of their scheme, and for the purpose of procuring assistance to carry it into execution, the Major went to England. With whom he conferred there was unknown to his confederates. They merely conjectured his resources; and from certain oblique hints, they were inclined to believe, that the Duke of Buckingham was not unwilling to forward a plot, which had for its object the overthrow of Ormond's administration. They received from time to time small supplies of money from their emissary in England, accompanied with brief notes merely relative to the period of his return to Ireland.

Sarney's presence in England was known to

Ormond; and when, after some time, he obtained intelligence that his return to Dublin would be the crisis of the conspiracy, his excellency had persons stationed at all the out-ports to watch his motions, whenever he should land in the kingdom. But the Duke's vigilance was anticipated and eluded by the Major. He arranged his plans, and sailed from Blackwall in the schooner which landed him on the Killeny shore as stated in the first chapter. The same vessel in a few hours afterwards landed a second person, somewhat further up the river, and upon the Howth side.

The last landed individual was a Scottish Catholic of the name of Lesley, who had for several years resided in France, and to whom Sarney had been introduced in London, by a Jesuit of the name of Venzani. On this occasion it was communicated to the major, by the Jesuit, that for some considerable time a plan had been in progress to carry off the infant children of Lord Macdonnell. The scheme he said was nearly ripe, and only wanted the aid of a person of his enterprise to be completed; and that if he would lend himself to it, he might calculate on receiving a handsome benefaction.

Sarney saw the danger of such an undertaking; but he also perceived advantages

connected with it, that one of less daring and invention would never have dreamt of. The very excitement which such an outrage would occasion in Dublin, would, he saw, prove favourable to the execution of his designs upon the government. He accordingly agreed to embark in it, and received such directions and credentials, as were necessary to introduce him to the other accredited agents in Ireland.

At the outset many difficulties had to be overcome, which required all the skill and influence of another jesuit of the name of Workington, at that time, and for that purpose chiefly, residing in Dublin and its environs. Application was made to a well-known female, of the name of O'Brian, of rather a challengeable reputation, who kept a hostelry in the precincts of Temple-lane, and who it was ascertained was distantly related to the nurse of Lord Macdonnell's children. This woman by her artifices induced the nurse, at times when she was abroad with the infants, to visit the hostelry; and to secure her more effectually, Mark Brennan was represented as a respectable farmer's son, who had fallen in love with her. Repeated attentions on the part of the enraptured swain of Killeny, backed with artificial compliments from mine hostess, not only gained the affec-

tions of Alice the nurse, but eventually won her over to the infamous project.

All this had been accomplished previous to the arrival of Sarney and Lesley, in the schooner; for which Brennan purposely waited at Killeny, in compliance with the directions of Workington, who had been advised of the mode in which his fellow labourer Lesley, and the conspirator, intended to land. Not wishing the Major however to be aware of his private information, the Jesuit had likewise instructed Brennan to conceal the fact of his having been placed on the beach purposely to assist him.

Two days after the arrival of the schooner the abduction was accomplished; and in a few hours after the infants had been seen with their attendant in Sackville-street, they and their nurse were in the cabin of that vessel, accompanied by the man Lesley, who was now to act the part of their foster-father. The schooner beat about in the bay, and a boat was in readiness at Ringsend, in which unperceived the children were rowed off.

It was during the momentary alarm which this barbarous transaction produced on the minds of the citizens of Dublin, that the confederated officers chose as the proper juncture to carry their plans into execution. Sarney

held out to his associates the *certainty* of their grievances being redressed, were the Duke of Ormond, and a few others, removed from the executive government; and he intimated, in a confident manner, that they had friends of *rank* and *influence* in England, who were deeply interested in the completion of their project.

Their plan was to seize upon the castle of Dublin. A baker, carrying a basket of loaves on his head, was to fall as he passed the door of the guard-house, and in the scramble for the bread by the soldiers, the conspirators were to rush in and disarm the sentinels. The Duke of Ormond, whom they were to seize, was to be brought to trial, before a tribunal of *their* formation and tried upon charges of being a *traitor* to the Protestant and Presbyterian interests. Him they were to find guilty, as a matter of course, and execute accordingly. On despatching some four or five individuals more, friends and partisans of the Viceroy, in a similar manner, and placing in confinement such others as they thought most inimical to their views, they were to stipulate with the English government, either for repossession of their estates, or such equivalent as they might be found entitled to on a fair valuation; which terms being com-

plied with, as they doubted not they would be, they were to yield up the castle to such Lieutenant as the King might appoint.

The meetings of the conspirators were held in the attic room of an uninhabited out-house, belonging to the abbot and monks of the abbey of Multifernham, situated a few miles from Dublin. This place, from its retired situation, and from the protection which the good monks received even from the Duke of Ormond himself, prevented all suspicion of treason having its hiding place there. From the abbey the officers had not only ready access to Dublin, where they had numerous active friends, without limitation to religious opinions; but from its contiguity to the capital, it enabled them to live separate from each other, as if no bond of union existed between them; while at the same time it formed a focus to which they could speedily draw themselves at their hours of meeting, which were always after nightfall. It was fixed that the Saturday evening after the abduction should be the time of attack; that three parties, well armed, should concentrate at the bottom of Constitution-hill, at the precise moment of the scramble of the guards, from three different points—from the back of the Cathedral, from the top of Essex-bridge, and from the College-

green,—having their muskets concealed under their coats ; and that the entrances to the castle and the different arsenals should be carried simultaneously at the point of the bayonet.

The reader will be pleased to recollect that, on the previous Wednesday, Lord Macdonnell caused the apprehension of Brennan and his associates at the house of Molly O'Brian. Having all been less or more accessaries in the schemes of Workington, who in addition to his other intrigues was also an ally of Sarney's in the meditated attack on the castle, they had been employed to call together some of the conspirators who lived at a distance, and in particular to carry a packet to Multifernam, which that reverend person had received from England. This packet, although containing papers written in a private cipher only, as the reader knows, fell into the hands of the government, and blew up the conspiracy ; for the Duke of Ormond, on the succeeding night, sent a strong party of horse to the abbey, where he seized the whole conclave, with the exception of Major Sarney and a few others who happened to be absent.

In this conspiracy, as is generally the case, the ringleader escaped. But he did so quite accidentally. Before he left London he had

been intrusted with a letter which he was enjoined to deliver personally, or by a confidential person, to the Lady Dowager Macdonnell, as soon after his arrival in Ireland as possible. For this purpose, on the same day on which the abduction was committed, he and Workington the Jesuit departed for Baldunaven Castle. This letter, it appeared, was from her Ladyship's eldest son, the late Lord, then a reverend prebendary of the cathedral of St. Omers, in France, and was full of sentiments of filial solicitude—of affection for his sister, the Lady Mary, and of sincere forgiveness towards his brother, whom he prayed God to spare for the honour of his family, and restore to the bosom of the Catholic Church. The object of forwarding such a letter at such a time was, that in the event of the elder brother being suspected of being privy to the outrage, the production of it in a court of law, and to the friends of Lord Macdonnell, would go far to remove such suspicions.

Workington, in his clerical character, and as the bearer of such an epistle, was, along with his friend under a feigned name, hospitably received at the castle; and they had only that morning departed from it on which Captain Kennedy appeared with the warrants of the

Privy Council. Guessing the tenour of his errand, they had hovered about the neighbourhood till they ascertained her ladyship's intention of repairing to Dublin. On the next day they were informed of the accident on Drumsculloch Mountain, by a woman to whom Sarney had become known when stationed with his regiment on the borders of Connaught.

Bridget Halloren, better known by the familiarism of Bridget of the Cliff, from her inhabiting a lonely cabin, built like an eyry on the brow of a precipice that overlooked the wildest part of the glen, at about half a mile's distance from the scene of the accident, was a little old woman, who led a wandering life, and was the leading sibyl at the wakes and burials in that part of the country. From Bridget the Major learnt what had occurred; and dreading that the gallantry of Kennedy might upset some of the plans which his companion the Jesuit had in contemplation, they resolved upon restraining the attentions of the young officer by the "warning" to which we have alluded. The paper was written by the Jesuit; and Sarney, attended by the female, went to put it in execution by placing it in his bed-chamber, or in such other place as circumstances would admit

of. The negligence of the servants in not fastening the doors gave him an opportunity of addressing the Captain in the way related.

Having performed this exploit, they mounted their horses and followed the road to Dublin. On arriving within a few miles of the abbey of Multifernam, they learned the fate of the conspirators. Flight was their dernier expedient. Workington betook him to the interior of the country, and the Major to the sea coast. From some presentiment, which men are often unable to account for, he had given directions to Lesley and the master of the schooner to hover for a few days off the Killeny shore, in order that their course might be altered, if the fact of the children having been seen conveyed aboard such a vessel should have been given to Lord Macdonnell, which, it was thought, would be learnt by the orders that would in consequence be issued to the cruisers in Howth harbour.

In compliance with these instructions the schooner stood out for sea during the day and towards the land at night, in order to watch the signals which were to be given from the top of Killeny hill. On seeing these, the instructions were to send a boat ashore. Sarney was not

long in making his lights shine over the blue waters, and Lesley was as vigilant in espying them. Towards the morning a boat came to a landing place, and our hero was once more beyond the *terra firma* of the Emerald.

Return we now to the Ladies Macdonnell.—The discovery of the plot to seize upon the castle, and murder (for nothing else can it be called) the Lord Lieutenant, came upon the citizens like the voice of thunder, and diverted all attention from the outrage upon the family of Lord Macdonnell. He alone, in sorrow and in silence, pondered on it, as the hour approached when his mother and sister were to be examined before the Privy Council. The examination, however, was devoid of interest. To such questions as were put to her, the Lady Dowager replied in the frank, open complaisance of innocence. She solemnly denied all knowledge of the transaction:—"I live," she said, "on no friendly terms, I confess, with my son, now by the King's pleasure, Lord Baron Macdonnell of Baldunaven, and heaven knows I have ample reasons for it: my widow's weeds and my broken heart, which, my Lords, will soon free me from this world's turmoils, can best speak how much I feel ashamed to own

him as a son of mine ; but nevertheless, I swear, in the presence of my God, and as I trust in the merits of the blessed Eucharist, that of this crime, or any participation therein, I am innocent as the unborn babe.”

To the Lady Mary the Council did not deem it necessary to put any questions ; and, of course, their Ladyships took their leave, attended by Father O’Leary, with whom they returned to Baldunaven after the lapse of a few days.

After this, Lord Macdonnell abandoned all hope of finding the children in Dublin, or even in Ireland. He turned his attention to England and France, where he had persons employed in making inquiries. But his hopes became more dark as time went on, and his mind became more and more gloomy and spiritless, so as to unfit him either for the business of the state or the enjoyment of society. While his Lady laboured under the sad calamity of mental aberration, he sunk into listless melancholy ; which though it impaired not his reason, nor deprived him of the consolations of friendship ; still such was the effect, that he seemed but to exist in the hope that heaven would yet permit him to see the faces of his beloved and now alienated children. Alas ! how often is it the will of Providence to

chequer the afflictions of life with ideal and unsubstantial happiness ! The thirsty traveller in the Arabian desert slakes his mind with the unreal glassy sheets of water in the deceitful distance ; and the victim of a corroding malady dreams of renovated health on the brink of the grave.

CHAPTER VII

But, see ! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds, the dusky noon o'ercast ;
The black'ning ocean curls, the winds arise,
And the dark scud in quick succession flies ;
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels.

Falconer.

WE must now carry our kind readers a few leagues out to sea, and give them a *lurch* or so, as the seamen have it, in St. George's Channel. The vessel in which the buds of the house of Macdonnell were embarked was a French-built schooner, commanded nevertheless by a Dutchman of the name of Slyphes Dordrecht, a native of Helvoetsluys, who had bought her for the purpose of carrying on a contraband trade between Holland and the east coast of Scotland, which he had done pretty successfully for several years.

Slyphes, however, was none of your religious or *godsdiénstig* captains, who refuse to commit sin, or break the King's laws, in any department but one. He took a freight any where,

provided he saw hard guilders tendered as part of the ballast ; and he cared extremely little whether his cargo were gin, brandy, or galley-slaves, provided he were not bound to come within a hundred Dutch leagues of the Deys of Tripoli and Algiers. He had been to London with a cargo of wines from some port in France ; and when discharging these in the Thames, he had been recommended to Venzani and the Major as a fit person to employ in any expedition that required courage, secrecy, and quick sailing. The schooner was equally honoured with the schipper in having a true Helvoetsluys name, being called the Heiden Vrouw, which we translate to signify the “ Gipsy Lady ;” but not having in our lifetime studied or been employed in any diplomatic service at Gravenhagen, we do not presume to say that it may not stand for any thing else that the *schoolgeleerdheid* may please to mention.

Schipper Slyphes Dordrecht, besides being a good sailor, a good drinker, and a good smuggler, was as good a *spreker* of the English, Scotch, and Irish gibberishes, as any man in his way—that is to say, he knew the names of the current coin of the realm, and could maintain a half-minute’s conversation any time, (dinner

hour and four-hours after excepted) touching the rates of freight, ginever, brandewijn, tabak, or any matter of buying, selling, or *smokkelen*. Knowing thus much, and no more, he was an excellent schipper for the illicit trade in which he was employed on the voyage to which we allude. As to child-stealing, such a thought never came within a cable's length of his upper quarters; for this good reason, that unless to sell the brats so stolen to his old enemy the Dey of Tripoli, he could not have conceived a motive for the transaction; and although Slyphes knew • that Christians liked to sell as well as Mussulmans did to buy, yet he had a higher opinion of the sense and morality of the natives of these British islands.

If an idea did creep across the interior of his cranium as to who Mynheer Gamaliel Lindsay, (for by this cognomen the ex-conspirator must for some time pass) or Mynheer Lesley and his Goed Vrouw, (for Alice O'Brian is at the present time transmuted into Mistress Lesley) or their two prattling, chubby *joukvrouws*, were; it was soon dispelled by the honest Dutchman taking a glass of his native ginever—squatting himself down on the top of his oaken iron-bound gardevein or decanter case, that had stood many an assault and many a rough gale,

and there placing his two hard hands upon his knees, and eying with earnestness the wrinkles of his spalderdashes, and saying—" Wel, mein God ! wat's deze Dlesley and Dlindsay to Slyphes Dordrecht ?—they may dhround, land-loupends !—I hebben got de gilder voor twee meandth !—ha, ha, de guelt, de monish, *Duiveltje !*"

The truth was, Dordrecht had been hired for two months to carry his passengers wherever they should command him ; and having been actually paid " de guelt" per advance, was quite at ease, as a good schipper should always be, as to his passengers and all consequences. Accordingly, he harboured no suspicion of any thing criminal in the conduct of Lindsay and his companions, further than an infraction of the revenue laws, which perhaps he deemed more honoured in the *breach* than the observance.

As soon as Sarney got on board, he gave directions to the schipper to steer for the frith of Clyde, in Scotland. The white canvass of the Heiden Vrouw was accordingly spread before a brisk south-western breeze, and she soon danced to the music of her native element, and afforded proof of her admirable qualifications for the hazardous traffic for which she was

built. She skipped over the ripples of St. George's Channel with the lightness of a bird; and seemed to feel a pleasure in meeting a double swell, just for the joy of washing her bows in its bosom. Soon the Isle of Man was on her starboard quarter—the mull of Galloway lying stretched like a butcher's mastiff on her starboard bow, distant about ten leagues—and the blue mountains of Newry, over which the sun was setting, west by the compass twenty leagues or thereby.

“The weather looks fine, in my judgment, Captain,” said the Major to Slyphes, as the latter walked the deck with his hands in his breeches pockets.

The schipper eyed the black clouds above the sun—next the dog-vane flapping in the wind, which had now greatly subsided—then his fore and main topsails—and then taking both hands out of their dormitories in his *broeks*, and then pulling the said *broeks* by the waistband to the effect of some two inches of elevation, he mumbled in reply—“Pas op!—I am voor een nodder opinion ver musht.”

He then issued some hasty commands to the crew, such as, to clew up the stay-sails—let go the jib—slacken the lee braces—haul in the

fore main-sheet studding-sail—and lay the vessel's head more to the westward.

This was all done in expectation of a change of wind and some squally weather during the night, which the Dutchman, from his observation and experience, was able to foretel with a good deal of accuracy.

As soon as it became dark, the wind, which had been southerly throughout the day, veered suddenly to the west and west-north-west, and began to come in gusts, which increased in violence as the night lengthened. The navigation of the strait betwixt Port Patrick and Donaghadee is somewhat dangerous, from the rapidity of the currents and the cross jumble of the conflicting tides. The night could not be said to be dark, although the moon was completely obscured by the innumerable dense clouds which the wind carried, with extraordinary velocity; over her surface. The *Heiden Vrouw*, however, kept her course steadily, and dashed about the billows as fearlessly as if they had been the lazy muddy ripples of the *Zyder Zee*. But the gale increased; and after reefing and double reefing had been resorted to as long as possible, it was at last considered prudent to bare the masts to all but the fore main-sail,

which was reduced in point of size to that of an ordinary blanket ; and even that, after being blown to rags, had, for the staying and safety of the vessel, to be supplanted by a small storm try-sail. What was to be done next ?

The entrance to the river Clyde, which is now on every rock and promontory studded with light-houses, making the sea for miles around them more light than the streets of many of the royal burghs of the country, was, at the period we are speaking of, destitute of beacons or bonfires of any kind. At the mouths of some rivers and harbours occasional fires and lamps were lighted, to show stray fishing-boats their course—but only when such boats *were expected* to make their appearance. These lights, however, gave no assistance to the storm-beaten mariner, who might unhappily be driven out of his course, and *in* channel. He not only could not trust to them, but he was often misled, mistaking one for another, owing to the similarity of all. Slyphes Dordrecht, though a seaman of experience, had never been on the west coast of Scotland before ; and it is not to be supposed that the charts of those days could render him any material aid. Between the mull of Galloway and the Fairley roads, (and these latter, indeed, affording but precarious

security) a distance of rocky shelvy coast of upwards of 150 miles, there is no escape for a vessel overtaken by a "north-wester," except in Loch Ryan on the east, and Lamplash on the west. The Heiden Vrouw was to the northward and eastward of the former when the severity of the gale overtook her, and she was too far to leeward, between the craig of Ailsa and the heads of Aire, to make the latter.

Dordrecht did not like this dilemma; and began at every succeeding lurch of the trusty schooner, to pull up his *broeks*, with more than his usual coolness, a proof that he felt uneasy; uttering not a syllable, but looking how the prows resisted the angry surges that broke over them—now and then fixing his small hazel eyes upon the main-top mast, that had as yet weathered the blast. The fore one was gone.

Never did vessel behave better. For although part of her bulwarks had been washed away—her jolly-boat, her senior-jolly, called a long-boat, and her decks from stem to stern swept and scoured as clean as if Slypes had had no use for any thing upon deck but the two stunted masts and the helmsman—still, she was tight in her timbers, and grappled with every fresh billow in a style of surly and supercilious defiance.

But the Heiden Vrouw could not conquer the united onsets of wind and wave, and a tide, galloping like a Dutch donkey at the rate of five knots an hour. It is said, and by very wise schippers too, though not natives of Helvoetsluys, that had Dordrecht anticipated the gale, he had opportunity enough of running for Loch Ryan early in the night. This is very true, my masters, but how the devil could he have found out the entrance to that harbour? He had a cloudy night to contend with, mind; his destination was the Clyde; he had a long strip of sea, with one or two capacious bays before him; and he held sand-banks, channelly beaches, and rocks of all sorts, in too much horror to trust the Heiden Vrouw within a league of such dangers; especially, as the probability was, that had he attempted to seek the entrance, he would have gone crash upon some of the ugly, black, amphibious granites, which *guard* that dismal coast for many miles.

His intentions were better, certainly, had his knowledge been equal to his seamanship. His object was to gain Lamlash, of which, even in those days, marine fame spoke favourably; but by some unaccountable miscalculation, or through the influence of some sea kwelduivel, kelpy, or other water-demon, no matter whether

of Dutch or Scottish nativity, Slypes, in the darkness, mistook Ailsa craig, for the mull of Kintyre—a sad proof how little was known to the chart-makers of King Charles's times—and consequently instead of weathering that tremendous scar, he dropped to leeward, and before he was well aware, or had been able to open and shut his guardevein, he was close in shore, upon the well known heads of Aire! What think you of this, ye schippers?

The Dutchman did not know what to think of it. He was lost in a fog as it were; or as if he had, trusting to the seasons, found himself ice-bound in the Baltic, in the midst of summer. At last, after he had recruited himself with a thimberkin of native hollandsh, he began to conjecture that he had lost his reckoning. However, bad as things were, Slypes was not resourceless. He *ported* his helm instantly, and resolved to keep the schooner's head by the wind till the day should dawn, when he would make for some of the small harbours on the coast of Ayrshire.

The sinus or estuary, in which the Heiden Vrouw is now left to the mercy of wind and tide, extending from the heads of Aire to the point of Troon, is well adapted for good sailing vessels in some winds; for with *able manage-*

ment there is abundance of room for putting sails, tackling, and good sailorship to the test. No disparagement to modern navigators, Slyphes Dordrecht executed many excellent movements, that would have astonished ship-pers of the present day. Both his topmasts were gone. His jib-boom floated somewhere on the coast of Ireland, and not an inch of canvas (except what we have mentioned) durst he wear; and yet he preserved his *goed schippe*, in the aforesaid bay, from one o'clock of the morning till the break of daylight, against as *snell* and *dour* a north-west wind as ever crossed the peaks of Arran, and with a flood-tide to boot. But as the light began to glimmer, the hardy Dutchman saw that his case was nearly hopeless. The storm raged as furiously as ever, pitching him every minute nearer and nearer a lee-shore, now almost under his bows. He could descry no harbour; and the daylight was not sufficiently clear to point out the situation of those that were on the coast. In his despair he had recourse to Sarney, who when he got upon deck was able, from his recollections of the country, to assure him (a bitter assurance for poor Dordrecht and every soul on board) that the harbour of Aire, lay considerably farther to the northward, pointing out

with his finger its alleged position. Slypes put his hands in his breeches' pockets, and shook his head,—which was as much as to say, “Heiden Vrouw, 'tis all over with thee.”

The major, nevertheless, further stated, that it was a sandy shore before him, to the extent of some miles. At this yawning crisis it was the top of high-water, and the schipper resolved to attempt the best alternative left him, by which there was a chance of saving the vessel and passengers, namely, to run her on the sands. This he accomplished with comparative ease, and with less risk than one would imagine; for the beach whereshe struck forming a dead level, the vessel by the natural force of the *way* that was upon her, stuck fast, the entire length of her keel at once, and avoided that straining and pitching which a more inclined shore would have occasioned.

The spot where she grounded was a little to the eastward of the small and unknown, and of course useless, harbour of Dunure, and at a short distance from a now ruinous building, elevated on a promontory whose base is washed by the billows at full tide—then the residence of a branch of the noble family of Cassillis. Dordrecht augured a safe deliverance from the easy way in which the schooner struck, and he

was not disappointed; for with the sudden reflux of the tide, the rapidity of the ebb being increased with the northerly wind, an hour had scarcely elapsed when the Heiden Vrouw lay as high and dry upon the white sands, as if she had never been in the water. Slyphes said a few words upon this joyous occasion, for after having broached his faithful gardevein, the contents of which he dealt to all around him, with a liberality worthy a weather-beaten schipper who had just escaped being drowned—that is to say, he gave his crew one thimberkin a piece, and only took two to himself—after being thus liberal, we say, he shoved his hands into his *zakkens*, in his usual felicitous manner, and observed, “Heiden Vrouw hebben got een ver goed berth voor een laanch achter al. Ha! ha! Duiveltje!”

At this period an extremely small number of vessels of any kind, navigated the frith of Clyde, or the harbours on the coast of Ayrshire. Except in articles of linen, the manufactures of Scotland had not then commenced. The population was consequently thin, and scattered chiefly over the agricultural districts. With the exception of about a half-dozen ships, which sailed, after prayers had been put up for them in all the kirks on the coast for a fortnight previous,

from the Clyde, for Jamaica and Virginia, foreign commerce was unknown. Rum, sugar, and tobacco, were the staple imports, with occasionally a cargo of mahogany from the Havannah or Honduras bay. The tea, coffee, and cotton trades were not introduced, at least in a national point of view. With the exception of the few favoured ships of Tarshish aforesaid, the shipping of the west of Scotland consisted of small craft, principally employed in conveying, to a short distance along shore, the more lumberous commodities of the district. From the ports of Ayrshire, a voyage to Ireland was a matter of considerable enterprise; which, with the blessing of the kirk, was only undertaken in the height of summer; and a three-masted vessel being seen sailing along the frith, from or to the Clyde, was a wonder, that formed the groundwork of the next month's conversation.

Such foreign vessels as made their appearance were generally French or Dutch, whose wines, hollands, tobacco, and brandy, found a sure sale on the coast. Of course the trade was contraband. These traders did not come so far to pay the king's duties, especially as it was easier to elude or shoot the exciseman than defray his exactions; and as for the buyers and consumers of such articles, they liked them the better,

and drank them, the more readily, because they knew they were obtained in defiance of the English gauger and the acts of a prelatie parliament. Not only the commoner classes of the people favoured this illicit traffic, but even the gentry and Burgh authorities connived at, or rarely took measures to suppress it.

The smuggling trade, however, was carried on to a much greater degree at a period subsequent to the date to which we allude; for with the introduction of tea, and the productions of our western colonies, it increased to a most alarming extent. Whole towns and villages were employed in it. The hordes that marched at night, with kegs and canisters, well-armed and insolent, were like the guarded baggage-train of a large army. It was a public nuisance—the growth in some degree of exorbitant imposts, and the laws made to suppress it—affecting the morals of the peasantry, injuring the fair trader, and cramping the natural and commercial energies of the state.

But, at the Restoration, the trade in wines, brandies, gin, and tobacco, was of a more harmless kind. The few Dutch and French vessels that followed it, came at regular seasons—had their regular customers—were paid a regularly low price, and departed in peace. Although

small, when compared to the foreign ships of the Clyde, they were among the largest class that frequented the creeks or harbours of the west coast. When any of these were stranded or lost the news flew from house to house, and from village to village, so that if the vessel so lost chanced to be laden and the accident disastrous, the casks, kegs, and wine-pipes, became the prey of the populace. The good people were very expert on these occasions; for besides having the tale of "the shipwreck" to tell by the fire-side on the winter nights, they had frequently a relic to produce, in evidence of their exertions in *saving* the cargo. In short the plunder in these cases was complete—even to the very fragments of timber; and the poor sailors if they escaped being drowned, and were permitted to beg their way home, were thankful they had not been murdered. These riots, and scenes of robbery and debauchery were carried to such excess, that when the authorities were informed of any vessel cast-away or stranded they were necessitated to interfere, by marching the burghers and constabulary of the place to the scene of action, and keeping the peace against the natives, in the king's name. It is said, and we fear the charge has some foundation in truth, that on those perilous occasions, the

magistracy and the *Posse comitatus* were generally the last who arrived at the spot, and, consequently, when it was too late to protect the spoil or secure the plunderers; but it is but justice to say, that the good intentions of these worthy [officials] were oftentimes falsely and undeservedly scandalized.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story;
Nae langer thrifty citizens an' douce
Meet owre a pint, or in the council house;
But staumrel corky-headed, graceless gentry,
The herryment an' ruin o' the country;
Men, three parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
Wha' waste our weel-hain'd geer on d——d new brigs
and harbours. *Burns.*

AT day-break of the morning on which Captain Slyphes Dordrecht's trusty schooner, the Heiden Vrouw was stranded upon the sands of Dunure, Ringan Limetruen, deacon of the incorporation of Masons, and Provost of the ancient burgh of Aire, was comfortably stretched upon his bed, none the harder for having been pressed for eight hours or thereby, calculating how many superficial feet of "drooved ashlor" it would take to repair the kirk and minister's manse, which act of pious and popular duty he had undertaken in his Provostship, not from any worldly motive, God forbid, or love of the filthy lucre, which he might derive therefrom,

“but,” as he himself expressed it in the council-chamber, “because the ruinous and down-fa’ing condition o’ sic twa memorials o’ the triumphs o’ God’s covenanted people was a shame and scandal to a christian community.” The Provost we say, was occupied with this nice calculation, when his cogitations were disturbed by the hoarse bristly voice of Deacon Cordivan in the passage, making his somewhat unceremonious entrance into the sanctum sanctorum of the magistrate.

“Hoolie, Deacon, Guid preserve us! what’s the matter, that ye’er so sune afit this morning—hath the auld steeple tummil’d at last, Deacon?” anxiously enquired the Provost, as his friend entered his apartment.

“No, Provost—nae fears o’ the steeple I redd—the bit pointing ye gied it Midsummer was a year, has prevented that I houpe;—but, Guid guide us! there’s a brig, or some galiot thing ashore aboon Grenan Castle—she’ll be a total wreck, gif something be na dune for her soon;” answered Cordivan.

“We maun ca’ a meeting o’ the council, Deacon, then, afore we tak steps,” responded the chief magistrate.

“Then wi’ your leave,” said the other, “I’ll raise Saunders Toothope, the toon officer,

and gar him roose the bailies, an' the council, wi' tuck o' drum."

"Do sae, Deacon," rejoined Limetruen, "an' I'll be in the chammer as soon's I can draw on my claithes."

Deacon Cordivan, the representative elect of the worshipful company of shoemakers, was one of your most regular early risers, who get up at peep of day, and generally before the sun, and wander about the streets and village avenues like so many ill-used ghosts, whom the crowing of the cock has not frightened away, apparently for no other purpose but to disturb their sleeping or weary neighbours. This personage in sauntering his stated rounds, espied Dordrecht's schooner on the beach; and being desirous to stand well in the good graces of the chief magistrate, he thought it his duty to convey the information, for which by the way the Provost did not feel at all indebted to him. But of this the Deacon knew nothing, and he proceeded with due diligence to awaken the officer.

"Rise Saunders, if you be a leeving man, and warn the council—it's the Provost that sent me—rise ye auld doitered deevil, for there's a ship come ashore, and lives lost for your laziness, Saunders."

The drummer started from his sleep as if he had heard the voice of his evil angel, or as if some new incomer had demanded from him the symbols of his office. He soon was in the streets, and in a few minutes, the whole burgh was in an uproar. The deacons flew to the council-house; the trades took their station in the square; and the untitled burgesses, flanked their representatives, most anxious to learn the cause of alarm. All this while, Deacon Cordivan had acted the part of a discreet Deacon; for, excepting to two or three of his best cronies over a gill, he told his discovery to no one; so that owing to the storminess of the morning, and it being the Sabbath, no person, except himself, had been to the shore. Had the crippled masts of the Heiden Vrouw been observed, or had the Deacon been more communicative, the town would have been emptied before the authorities could have met.

Let it not surprise the reader, that the burgh should be so easily placed in this state of excitation. Consider the unusually early hour at which the thundering summons was issued. The morning of the Lord's-day too, when the hard-toiled labourer brings up, upon his pillow, the arrears of the week's rest; and gives a truce to his cares, which is only interrupted by

the Kirk bell, warning him to his private devotions, two hours before the commencement of public worship. The few streets that then composed the burgh, resounded with the first beat of Saunders Toothope's noisy instrument, and old and young of both sexes, grandmothers and their grandchildren, hastened to the market-cross, and the town-house. The first rumour was, that the Irish rebels had landed, and were in full march towards the town, burning and ravaging all before them. The next was, that "Satan Turner," and a party of dragoons were coming to expel the worthy Maister Samuel Sourface from his pulpit, for non-compliance with the orders in council, and Charlie Stuart's prelatie proclamation, and that the trades, were determined to offer battle in so good a cause, and stand by their anointed pastor, in the evil day. A third rumour was also prevalent, namely, that dead-lights had been seen during the past night, in and about the church-yard of Prestwick—and fearful screams heard; and that the venerable kirk itself, had, by some supernatural pressure, sunk in the sand, to the extent of a whole foot; and that consequently, malignant spirits were abroad, striving against the true preaching of the gospel, which Maister Sourface thought it

the bounden duty of the labourers in that vineyard to endeavour to lay, by wrestling in prayer. As this last rumour, wanted confirmation, like the others, all waited with impatience the breaking up of the council.

Provost Limetruen when he saw his coadjutors around him, opened the business of the meeting, not in a set speech certainly, for the honest mason had during his lifetime suffered sufficiently in his hearing from ten mallets going at a time, to countenance any thing like unnecessary *noise*; but he mentioned in a few pithy words what had been seen upon the Dunure sands, and stated that it was for the Bailies and Councilors to decide what *steps* should be taken in the matter, considering that it was the sabbath, and that ill-minded persons might make the wreck an excuse for deserting divine service.

“In my opinion, Provost,” said Deacon Spails, “I think we should man the life-boat, an’ proceed to the wreck wi’ as mony hands as the boat can wi’ safety carry;—it will be a better way than ganging aft a’ the way round by the brig o’ Doon.”

“I jaloose,” said Bailie Wherry, who had been a keen smuggler in his day, and knew the advantage of a sound bottom as well as any one; “I jaloose that the auld life-boat is no in.

a state to stan' weather like this, Deacon, but ye should ken as weel as me."

"Guid faith, Bailie," answered Spails, who was head boat-builder in the burgh, and liked nothing better than to hear that the *town* required a new life-boat; "Guid faith, Bailie, I ken naething about the matter;—but this I ken, that if the boat be in siccan a condition, as she canna be put to sea in, I wad like some ane better skeeled in thae matters than me, wad just tell me what's the use o' haeing a boat at a'?"

The Provost, eager to stand up for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office, which he thought rather impeached by the sarcastic, though self-interested, insinuations of Deacon Spails, observed, that he had not heard "till this moment o' the life-boat being in the state whilk Bailie Wherry alledges; but I'll gar the toon-clerk, on the morn, tak a jotting o' the matter, that sae it may be duly inquired thereinto. As for the business on whilk we're met," continued the chief magistrate, "I opine that our best course is to send a deputation o' the trades to the wreck, whilk either mysel, or some o' us, will head, as may be best fitted."

This seemed to be unanimously acquiesced in, when Deacon Smiddy, the hammerman, remarked, that the trades lads ought to be fur-

nished with fire-arms the better to defend themselves from the *outlanders* should it be found that the *vreck*, was only a pretence to *spulzie* the country.

The chief magistrate could not conscientiously consent to the use of arms on the Lord's day, in any other cause than that of the covenant, and he therefore felt unprepared to reply to the arguments of Smiddy, which his own mind admitted to be sound, when he was opportunely relieved by the town-clerk, Quentin Quilshanks, W. S., who had fortunately discovered the embarrassment of the Provost. This learned person, after three or four gentle coughs in the style of learned advocates before the "Fyfteen," observed, "that by the laws of the realm every shipper, master, or commander of ship, brig, schooner, sloop or other vessel, navigating the high seas, was allowed to run his vessel ashore, or into any creek, loch, bay, river, or harbour, provided in so doing he bore no malice towards the King's subjects, and molested no one in their lawful calling, going to kirk or market, or otherwise, and committed no acts o' spulzie, hamesucken, rape, arson, sorcery, witchcraft, et cetera, upon the peaceable lieges aforesaid; so that the act of running ashore, or stranding, did not warrandice the magistrates in finding

that the master, captain, schipper, or crew of such vessel so stranded, were contraveeners of the statute (see Stair, Bk. iv. Tit. 5, s. 6, chap. 7, and page 759, and the act itself) entitled ‘ane act for the better preserving his Majesty’s shippis frae spulzie, and the lives o’ shipp-vrecked marriners, their goods, gear, and effects:—*item*, for guarding the coast from pirates, Irish rapparees, manxers, outlanders and ithers, and for determining the duties o’ Provosts o’ Burghs, Bailies o’ Regality, Baron Bailies, Constables o’ watch and ward, and a’ ithers thereanent,’ so that,” continued Maister Quilshanks, “it is plain that the authorities are no impoored to molest the master or schipper o’ this vessel, further than proceeding to the spot and taking ane regular protest before competent witnesses, against the said vessel remaining longer on the coast than her needcessities require.”

This learned commentary on the law, backed by the quotation of the statute, silenced the blacksmith, and the original motion was about being carried, when Convener Wringduds interposed, and moved, that before the meeting should come to a resolution, by which the sabbath was to be broken, and great scandal brought upon the sincere professors of the

gospel, it would be advisable to send for the minister to put up a word in season, by which, he thought, the trades would be awakened to a due sense of duty on such a day, and thereby much of the sin laid to the charge of the magistracy would be avoided, “for,” added the Convener “thir are no the times to speak lightly o’ ordinances, or gi’ the prelatie wolves that prey upon the persecuted remnant o’ God’s people, in ither parts o’ this land, an opportunity o’ coming amang us and placing our candle under a bushel.”

This would in all probability have been also agreed to *nem. con.* had not Bailie Mucklegirr, the cooper, who was so much a thick-and-thin stickler for the Kirk, that he never could hear a word drop from the last speaker without thinking it had, or was intended to have, a tendency to undermine the rules and discipline of synods and presbyteries. The Convener, it seems, was a staunch independent, and from that circumstance could not be supposed to have any particular affection for the reverend Maister Sourface, whose principles he abhorred; so that besides being a vain sort of a body, Mucklegirr, had observed, that he had frequently made similar proposals when he knew the minister was at a distance from home, and for no

other object, as he Mucklegirr opined, but to be required to perform the pious duty himself—a sort of heresy which he deemed it the duty of every true presbyterian to endeavour to suppress.

The truth is, Wringduds was precisely the conceited personage whom Mucklegirr took him to be. He was an upright, charitable, and well-disposed sort of a man; but of late years his head had been almost tortured into delirium with the deep theological disputations, holy conferences, prayer-meetings, evangelical feasts, and godly yearnings, which all sorts of mechanical zealots carried to such refined excess in those days. The worthy Convener was not constitutionally formed to resist these ebullitions of inspired ignorance, to which he had become attached through the persuasions of his wife, who had been born and educated in the very whirlpools of controversy, her mother having been the wife of a famous standard-bearer of independency, who had been shot at the beginning of the former reign, and who herself, some nine months afterwards gave birth to the present Mistress Wringduds, on her return from the exhortations of an inspired knife-grinder in the West of England. This woman had laboured long to instil into the mind of the inoffensive but not

otherwise Convener her wildest notions, and among other doings had trained him into the belief that he was a man extraordinarily gifted in prayer, and otherwise a shining light in the Tabernacle.

From the frequency, therefore, with which Wringduds had intruded his *gifts* on the town council, all of whom were presbyterians except himself, Bailie Mucklegirr had resolved on the very next occasion, either to oppose his praying, or put on his blue bonnet, by way of showing his contempt for him, and leave the chamber instant. Fortunately, however, for the feelings of all, at this juncture arrived the Reverend Samuel Sourface himself, who had been attracted to the place to learn the cause of the meeting. His fears for the kirk were soon allayed; so that after he had put up *a word*, which only lasted for about thirty minutes, the resolutions of the Provost were agreed to, and the authorities severally dismissed.

“Hech, Sirs!” exclaimed Nanny Baresoles, when she heard the origin and resolutions of the meeting, “the lang heads hae unco little to fash them, or they wadna hae made sic a palaver about naething, and waukened folk oot o’ their beds on siccan a cauld splashing morning

—I wish they had gien me time to hae pued on my huggers.”

“I say wi’ you, Nanny,” said a lady of a similar kidney, “for deil nor the drum were doon that fule Saunders Toothope’s throat, bung, bunging in ane’s lugs on a sabbath morning; an, a’tweel they’re nae muckle better nor Saunders wha let him. Lordsake! but am as wat as if I’d been sitting a’ night on the tap o’ Goat-field.”

“Confoond them, an’ their brigs an’ a’ thegither!” bawled another female carrying one child in her arms, and leading another crying dirty one, at her side, “ma weans are starving to death o’ cauld, an’ a’ because Ringan Lime-truen, gaping haveril that he is, sends his daft drummer up the vennel to ’larm ane—I’ve seen the day whan Ringan had nae sae muckle in his powre.”

“Hae! hae!” interfered Rab Robieson, a sort of street lunatic who was a chief person on such occasions; “hae! hae! I thought, lasses, ye nicht ha been as cosy in your warm beds, for there’s naething gaun here but ill tongues, hae! hae! and wat duds until the bargain.”

“What’s the silly thing saying noo?” enquired Nanny Baresoles, somewhat stung with

Rab's remark, upon tongues, "what is't saying about folk's tongues?—I woner the Provost does na pit sic naturals as him intil confinement, to clear the causey o' them."

"Na, na, Nanny," replied the lunatic, "the Povost winna sen' me to the To'booth as he did you on New'er's-day morning last ye ken, for making ower free wi' the yill stoup, hae, hae!—na, na, the Povost, honest man, winna do that."

Nanny Baresoles and the junta of ladies were fain to give the triumph to the poor creature, who, they saw, had a keenness of recollection about him which might lead to unpleasant feelings. They, therefore, slunk away as quietly as possible to dry their dripping garments, and replenish their chilled frames with the warmth and substantiality of a Scottish breakfast.

We return now to Slyphes Dordrecht and his schooner.

We did not trouble the reader with any account of the condition of the passengers during the storm—the preservation of the vessel being our first consideration. Alice O'Brian, now Mistress Lesley, had at an early period of the evening, retired with the children to repose, after they had passed the day mostly upon deck, with much apparent pleasure and lighthearted-

ness, throwing small pieces of wood into the sea, and stretching their infant eyes in watching their disappearance in the distance. The day being fine this sort of exercise prepared them for rest, and they were in a sound sleep, with their nurse, when the increased pitching of the vessel awoke them. Dordrecht, however, took care to confine them to their little birth off the cabin, where they lay in a state of sickness distressing in the extreme, from which they were only relieved by the striking of the schooner.

Lesley, the old catholic, had been beat by the billows too often to feel uneasy at the whistling of the winds; and Gamaliel Lindsay had courted glory at the cannon's mouth (and even at the foot of the gallows, as the reader may possibly think,) too long to be affected with fear, so long as there was a two-inch plank between him and his reckoning. These two worthies occupied the cabin by themselves, and kept their lashed seats as well as they could, beside the well-lashed oaken table, which, around its edges had appropriate grooves for holding, despite of lurches, bottles, glasses, and other utensils, that minister to social felicity. As the gale blew they drank; and as it blew louder still they drank the deeper; just as if Boreas and our bacchanalians had been running their coursers

against time. During the violence of the blast they managed to maintain a learned disputation on the relative merits of the Romish and Reformed religions, upon which they had finished one bottle of Lesley's genuine cogniac, without having reached purgatory or the doctrine of supererogation. The second saw them somewhat deep and clamorous respecting *indulgences*, which the catholic defended as most necessary for the body's reformation and the soul's future happiness, but which Gamaliel, *in his last glass*, condemned as calculated to engender corruption in priest as well as layman, and lead to the most pernicious and damnable consequences.

The disputants were about to proceed to bottle the third, and the doctrine of election by grace, when the voice of the forlorn schipper called Lindsay upon deck, which with the stranding of the Heiden Vrouw, put a period to the debauch and the debate at the same instant.

When the tide had left the beach, Dordrecht hoped that if the wind should moderate, he would be able, by digging a short trench in the sand, to heave his vessel off, into deep water, at the next flood; and he ordered his crew to make the necessary preparations. In the mean time a fire was lighted, and the children relieved

from their sufferings, of which also their foster-mother had endured her full share.

But a crowd began to assemble. People were seen approaching the beach from all points, from the heights and along the strand; and the sticks, truncheons, and other implements of onslaught and plunder which they carried, had rather an alarming appearance. Dordrecht eyed the gathering with doubt and suspicion, especially as the numbers were formidable, and as no one offered to assist his men in forming the canal; so much so, that he soon thought it prudent to inspect the ordnance department, and make preparations for defence in case of attack.

Accordingly, about a dozen rusty cutlasses—three Dutch muskets, with brass barrels, in better condition than could have been expected, with the addition of a formidable *donderbus*, of Dutch calibre, which had evidently seen hard service, but was still capable of doing mischief, were brought upon the quarter-deck. Of ammunition, the schipper had a fair supply, and as the stern of the *Heiden Vrouw* was graced with two goodly brass swivels, the vessel could not be said to be defenceless.

Regardless of these preparations on the part of Slyphes, their worships the rabble, gradually

became more troublesome, and molested the men at work so much, that it was deemed necessary to call them on board. They then employed themselves in mock-fights, and such popular manœuvres as showed a propensity to lead to a general disturbance of the peace; while, some more daring and more mischievous, began with their hands and feet to fill up the trench which the sailors had left unfinished. Others, as if resolved to be on board as soon as possible, crowded under the bows, and hung by the chains of the schooner.

“We must beat these knaves off,” said Lindsay to the schipper, as he mustered his force—“six men, Lesley, thyself Captain, and I—and armed too—why, let us but present our weapons, and the loons will run, hungry and ravenous as they are.”

“Janhagel!” muttered Dordrecht in reply, as he loaded his donderbus, “I van denken we musht blow hum al to pieces, donersh!”

It was in vain that Slypes cursed them in his upsee Dutch, or ordered them away in his broken English equally intelligible, the mob set up a long laugh every time he harangued them, and continued to hang the more closely to the sides of the vessel. At last, Lindsay addressed them in mild terms, reproached them

for their inhumanity, not only in injuring the under planks of the schooner, but in putting the crew to unnecessary labour, and intimated that if they did not retire to a greater distance, they would be obliged to compel them in a way that might be disagreeable to all parties.

“Holloa! hear, till the English bishop,” bawled one ragged leader of the plunderers; “I’ll warrant you, chiels, he’s tain that speech frae the mass buik.”

“What brings the illfaured Papist here, I wad like to ken?” remarked another; “d’ye hear the Eerish tongue o’ him?—he’d better keep a caam sough about *compelling* folk, gin he likes.”

These allusions to English bishops and Irish Catholics, were exceedingly popular at the time, and on this occasion, when a pretence only was wanting to induce the rabble to attack the vessel, had an exasperating tendency.

“Haunch a stane through his lanthorn jaws to learn his tongue better manners,” shouted another foremost one of the mob; “are we to be driven off the Dunure sands by the like o’ him?—na, na as lang’s a guid cudgel’s to be had for the cutting in the Grenan wud.”

“Deil thrapple him!” exclaimed a tall amazon, the busiest seemingly of either sex;

“ Drive us aff the sands ! I’ll see the een o’him clawed out first—come, neebours, gin ye dinna like to dae ye’r duty, I’ll just fling him a bit chucky to begin wi’,” and, suiting the action to the word, she picked up a large pebble from the beach, and threw it in the direction of the schooner.

Her example was followed by the men and boys, and a shower of stones commenced, which did little harm at first, but anon became extremely annoying. The woman who commenced the affray, was still seen to be among the most active, as well in throwing herself, as in bringing the missiles to the men.

“ Women,” observed Lindsay, “ are proverbially the source of all evil, and there is one of the sex here, and a muscular hag she is, who, by St. Jago, is more deserving of a few slugs from my arquebuse than any rioter among them—but I mete the witch mercy, she’s not worth the winging.”

Dordrecht had watched the motions of this female for some time, with apparent indignation, which he vented in a felicitous epithet of his native Netherlandish. “ Hekeltef !” said the schipper, as he once more buried his rough hands in the zakkens of his broeks.

The sailors endured the pelting of the peb-

bles, with as much patience as they could spare; some of them having been struck, while others were glad to retreat under hatches. Slypes himself had received a contusion on the forehead, and Lesley, who could scarcely be restrained from taking vengeance on the spot, had been bruised severely on the shoulder. It was not, however, till all this had been suffered; and, till the more daring had begun to fill up the canal, so as to render the former labour useless, that Lindsay once more warned them to desist, or abide the consequences of being fired upon.

This address enraged them the more, and a volley of stones was discharged with greater force than ever; and, as they rushed upon the vessel in all directions, seemingly determined to board, a few shots were fired, and the tall female before mentioned was seen to fall. The rush was now alarming, and it required all the activity of the sailors, with their cutlasses, to prevent the rabble climbing into the vessel. Many wounds were inflicted on both sides, and some of the rioters were observed to be carried off the beach. But at this instant, the deputation of the Trades, made its appearance, headed by Mucklegirr, who, in maintenance of the public peace, on this occasion, handled his *stave* with an agility and dexterity which proved him

incomparable representative of the incorporated coopers.

The chief magistrate had given the command of this detachment of the constabulary to Mucklegirr, who, from his known prowess on such occasions, was conceived best qualified for the enterprise. But, lest the Baillie's courage should lead to unnecessary conflict with the mob, the Provost had thought necessary to temper it by virtue of the conciliatory disposition, cool judgment, profound learning, and legal acquirements of Quilshank. This learned gentleman started with the Baillie, mounted on his brown sheltie, which, as it fed upon good oats, at the cost of the Town funds, was a remarkable contrast to its master—*he* being a thin, gaunt, long-armed, long-visaged, cadaverous-looking personage—*it* being a puffy, *embonpoint* little animal, the very image of fun, health, and a sinecure servitude.

The deputation had travelled at a slow pace to accommodate the clerk; but when it came within view of the Heiden Vrouw, and heard the reports of the musketry, and saw the pebbles darkening the air, the coopers with their commander hastened with speedier steps to the field of conflict, leaving Quilshanks to follow at his leisure. They soon made their

way to the schooner, and by dint of hard knocks, and a spirited charge, the rabble were compelled to make a hasty retreat.

The rescue was well-timed, though it did not appear that any lives were lost, or more damage done than the wounding of the female in the arm, and some cuts and blows from the stones and cutlasses. The next consideration was to keep the crowd in abeyance till the return of the tide, which Mucklegirr offered to do; so that Dordrecht had only time to distribute one round of favours from his guardevin, and was considering how he could best express his sense of gratitude to the magistrate, when the non-arrival of the learned writer began to arouse fears for his personal safety.

Alas! those fears were well-grounded. Poor Quentin Quilshanks, W.S. !—never was member of faculty so handled in the exercise of his professional duties. The mob in their retreat met him, ambling leisurely along, astride his fat pony, and, guessing his business at the sands, they insisted, not only that he should turn right about, but that he should do so, in the first instance, without the assistance of his sheltie. To please their worships of the rabble, the learned lawyer had first to dismount, and

secondly to remount, with his long pitiful face *effronté*, contrary to the rules of good horsemanship. In this unchivalrous position was the senior advocate and legal adviser of the magistracy of a royal and respectable burgh led, till he and his pony reached the Doon, a small river that falls into the sea, into the brown chilly bosom of which he was deliberately walked, in spite of all the protests, remonstrances, and threats of lawbours, which he made; and it is hard to say to what extremes the lawless multitude would have proceeded, had they not descried the indefatigable Mucklegirr and his coopers making a charge upon them. They left the well-fed pony in the stream, tied to a stake, up to its very ears, and the long and naturally frigid shanks of the clerk immersed in the water, and firmly fastened to the girths of the saddle. In addition to this, they had remorselessly tied his arms behind his back—arms that had for forty years struggled with rheumatisms acute and chronic; his pockets, never before the receptacles of any thing more vulgar than a pleading before the Town court, the articles of a roup, or an act of warding detained till fees were paid, they had crammed and polluted, with sand-bait and sea-bubbles; and, worst of all, his scanty locks, that the arduous

study of the law had silvered, they had most ignominiously crowned with a bundle of damp, rancid sea-weed, collected for the purpose.

From this woful plight the poor gentleman was relieved by the Baillie. He talked incoherently when placed upon the bank; and the words, "Hamesucken, culpable homicide, act of sederunt, horning and caption, stouthrief, bill of indictment," and such like, fell from him in a kind of a mutter; so that the magistrate, judging that the cold water of the Doon had wrought a serious effect on his intellects, ordered him to be conveyed home by a party of his men.

The wrath of the rioters being thus vented upon the unfortunate lawyer, the Heiden Vrouw was not again molested by the motley assemblage that threatened her in the morning. Towards the afternoon, the wind fell to a calm—the troubled sea rested from its last night's turmoil. The tide flowed with rapidity, and before five P.M. the schooner was once more afloat and at sea. Some few hours before this, leave had been taken of the valiant knight of the coopers; and, on the part of Dordrecht, a profusion of Dutch gratitude was out-poured.

"Tanksh, Mynheer, tanksh," said the schip-

per to the Baillie, extricating his dexter paw from his zakken, and shaking his deliverer by the hand. “Mein God! in der deed! ab you not come, de schurksh, de schobbejakje, de bloedzuiger, voor hebben moordenaar deze al,—ough Duiveltje!”

To this elegant speech, he of the coopers made a suitable reply, equally intelligible to the Dutchman. In short Slyphes was so truly grateful, that we have no doubt that during all his after life, he never thought of a brulzie with plunderers, nor fired a shot out of a rusty arquebuse in defence of the rights of the high seas, but he at the same instant, or very soon afterwards, tossed off a thimberkin of his native hollandsh to the “immortal memory” of Mynheer Mucklegirr and the coopers of Aire.

Once more on the fickle waters were our heroes and heroines, all well pleased, but none more so than Alice O'Brian and her children. The stormy morning was the harbinger of a tranquil evening; and as the Heiden Vrouw slowly floated over the now placid bosom of the estuary, her passengers saw in the light of the sunbeams the beauties of the landscape, which, the preceding night, were obscured in cloud and

vapour, and exposed to the raging of the elements.

The rich greensward, with its white margin of sand, in one quarter, was charmingly contrasted with the brown heath and stunted verdure of the Carrick hills, along the fringy base of which the steep rock, threatening every moment to tumble into the sea, relieved by some sloping cornfield on the one hand, or ridgy sand-bank stretching far into the bay at low water on the other, formed objects on which the eye rested with delight. On the other side, were the lofty mountains of Arran, kissing as it were the canopy itself, and forming giant figures in the clouds, burnished by the sun setting behind them.

These proud peaks of the land of the Gael are at all times grand and beautiful, but never so much so as in the evening, when they tower majestically in the last rays of the sun, long after the god of day has set upon the level world below. In the contemplation of this romantic scenery, and in mutual congratulations on the termination of the disasters of the morning, the Heiden Vrouw stole progressively out of sight of the territories of Provost Limetruen—the night darkened—Alice saw her infants

asleep—Dordrecht kept a look out for highland squalls—and the major and Lesley sat down to finish the theological disputation in which they had been so unceremoniously interrupted; and which, although flask after flask of the cogniac had disappeared, was far from being finished when they reached the metropolis of the west of Scotland.



CHAPTER IX.

Here's the Bell that never rang,
And the Bird that never flew;
And here's the Fish that never swam,
And the Tree that never grew.
But Bell, Bird, and Fish, let the Burghers nourish,
Send round the punch, and "Let Glasgow Flourish."
Blind Alick.

WE have now arrived at the far-famed city of Saint Mungo—the western capital of North Britain—the depot of muslins, ginghams, rum-punch, white herrings, and wild Highlanders. Some of those *luxuries*, it is true, at the date to which we allude, were unknown to Glasgow. A century and a half ago, it was little more than a village in comparison with what it is now. Its manufactures were confined chiefly to coarse linens—its commerce with foreign countries to the favoured ships and colonies we have mentioned in a foregoing chapter—its coasting trade to a few corn *gawberts* from the adjacent counties, cattle-boats from Argyleshire, and wherries from the western isles,—while its principal fishery was the "Ca'aler sa'mon" of the Clyde.

In those pristine days its Provosts and Baillies, Deans of Guild, and Conveners, were homely, home-spun, blue-bonnetted craftsmen — maltsters, skimmers, dyers, cordiners, and so forth — presbyterians of undoubted faith, and trusty sentinels of the city's weal.

Who can look back upon these days without a sigh? The kirk, though it jarred with the state, held nevertheless within her baldrick some of the brightest gems of presbyterian orthodoxy — pastors of reputed meekness — subtle logicians — Elijahs in all things save the mantle and the fiery chariot. Then, for the meteors of the bar, had they not advocates equally famed for their biblical and statute-book erudition? Of these last, it is true, the city of Saint Mungo was never at any time redundantly blessed. But her deficiency of the constellations of the law was then, as, God be praised, it hath ever been, profusely compensated by an abundance of lesser luminaries. She had in those days no less than three learned writers. As to physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, it is to be regretted that of these she was not more highly favoured. Two chirurgeons only were pleased to practise within the royalty, who were expert practitioners at blood-letting, head-shaving occasionally, and various other import-

ant operations. But if learned physicians were far from being numerous, the good sense of the citizens and the age provided incomparable substitutes. Matrons of experience—sedate and prudent in their carriage and deportment, and not apt to be led astray by silly experimentalists and projectors—dames that were not to be shaken by the schoolmen, or by learned professors who could demonstrate in chalk the mode of performing an operation without hazarding their well-earned reputations beyond their lecture rooms—ladies of habit and discretion, we say, were to be found who, without fee or reward, gave their advice to the sick. Thrice happy, innocent age!—a prosperous town with but a few lawyers—a healthy population without physicians—a moral community without a police bill—and a faithful and independent magistracy exempted from the pretensions and jealousies of modern patriotism.

Such was Glasgow (the very root of the name is a motto for industry) at the period when Lesley and his reputed sister-in-law and her two children took up their abode in it. How this place was selected for their residence remains to be told.

At an early period of the Reformation, the inhabitants of Glasgow were distinguished for

their abjuration of popery, and their staunch adherence to the sentiments of John Knox, the father of their church. They had uniformly lent their aid to resist the various attempts of the unfortunate house of Stuart to corrupt the purity and shackle the independence of the ministers of the Presbyterian Kirk; and they had rallied round Argyle in his successful struggles against the intolerant designs of Charles the First, and his creature "James Graham, calling himself Marquis of Montrose."

The Marquis of Argyle had succeeded in establishing the supremacy of the Presbyterian worship as the national religion of Scotland; and a short pause or breathing time was given to the kingdom immediately prior to the Restoration. The Scottish covenanters had gained their object—they had fought knee-deep for their religion, and had preserved it; and when they had borne the tabernacle from the wilderness, and placed the kirk on something like a firm foundation, they turned their attention to the state. By the terms of the "Solemn League," they avowed themselves favourable to monarchy: so that, as soon as they had measured their own strength, they bade haughty defiance to the usurper Cromwell, and in the hey-day of his power proclaimed Charles the

Second. It is true they wished to strip royalty of some of its vestments; for they stipulated for the King's "*good behaviour* and strict observance of the covenant, and his entertaining no other persons about him but such as were *godly men*, and faithful to *that* obligation." These were nice terms certainly, and withal somewhat imperious; but when it is considered how much Scotland had suffered from popery on the one hand, and prelacy on the other, with independency and anabaptism in the rear, this article of security in the treaty may appear pardonable.

In conformity with this proclamation, the young Prince was invited to Scotland during the Commonwealth. He went thither attended by Buckingham, Hamilton, Lauderdale, and the Lords Wentworth and Wilmot, accepted the conditions offered him by Argyle and his party, and in the face of God and the nation, put his royal seal to the articles of the covenant. It is true he made his escape thence as soon as possible. True is it, also, that he subsequently reached the throne unaided by his northern allies; and it is equally true, that no sooner was the diadem placed upon his head, than, like a recreant prince, he spurned the covenant he had signed, and broke the parole he had

plighted ! Not only this, but he employed all the influence of the crown to deface and eradicate the presbyterian form of worship, by the introduction of prelacy into Scotland, and by reviving those animosities which only terminated with the revolution in 1688.

But among the changes incident to the Restoration, that which affected the Roman Catholics of Scotland is of some importance to our narrative.

The Reformation in that kingdom was so complete, that it left but a small remnant of followers of the ancient faith. Of these the greater proportion lived in the mountains of Inverness and Aberdeen shires—in the western isles—and in a few obscure places in the north-eastern parts of the country. In the larger towns they durst not show themselves. In the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, and Ayr, neither priest nor layman of the mother church was to be seen ; and in other places, where a few were known to reside, the rites of their much-loved religion had, as it were, to be smuggled. Mass was celebrated in secrecy, and often after night-fall ; and their places of meeting were attics and outhouses beyond the limits of suspicion.

During the reign of the first Charles, they

ardently looked for toleration; and although disappointed, they had become more resolute in collecting together in bodies, and solemnizing their holiest ordinances. Subsequently, however, and during the skirmishings and acts of aggression between the King's troops and the covenanters, they had been more restrained; but with the Restoration their hopes revived—the whisper went abroad that the King's views were secretly favourable—and that anon they would receive that protection and suffrage to which they deemed themselves entitled.

Anthony Lesley was a native of the county of Stirling. His father was a small proprietor, who lost his property in the convulsions of the period, from some defect, or alleged defect, in his title deeds, his few acres of land being held in fee-simple of the Abbot of Crossringen, whose right to *dispone* them was successfully disputed by the reformed Lord of the Manor. From this loss to the family—the *plea* having endured before the “Fifteen” for nearly the whole lifetime of his grandfather—Anthony was early cast upon the world. He went to Glasgow, when but a boy, to learn the then rustic occupation of a millwright. He was bound apprentice to a Catholic acquaintance of his father's, and faithfully acquitted himself, so long

as the man he served had any employment. This every day, however, became more scarce, from the prejudices of the times, and the few Catholics that were to be found on whose employment he could rely. Having acquired a small independency from his labours, he relinquished his trade, and retired among his relations in the west Highlands. Lesley was here left to follow his own fortune. His profession as a millwright he thought a hopeless one in that part of the country ; so that he was wandering about undetermined how to employ himself, when he received an invitation from his elder brother, a Catholic priest, then residing in France as a Scottish refugee. He held out to Anthony the hope of a comfortable subsistence from his labours as a millwright in that country ; and thither he accordingly betook himself without delay.

He lived twenty years in different parts of France, and saved from his industry a small portion of money, sufficient to keep him above penury in the wane of life.

It was while about to return to Scotland that he, through the introduction of his brother, the refugee priest, became known to the late Lord Macdonnell, then more usually designated Father Gerald, at St. Omers. Mutual griev-

ances made the feelings of these two individuals, however different their situations in life, congenial. Father Gerald thought of his fallen honours with sullen and relentless indignation. Anthony Lesley mourned the loss of those green fields which had sent his parents to a premature grave. In both—in the ex-lord, as well as in the expatriated peasant—religious fidelity had been the source of ill fortune. Each had suffered for conscience' sake. They had both seen the altar of their fathers desecrated by sacrilegious enthusiasts and spoliators—the crucifix torn from the wall, and trampled under the feet of the veriest rabble—the consecrated basins defiled for the basest of purposes—the priests hooted at in the street and forced into exile—and such of the laity as stood the brunt of the Reformation treated as the offscourings of the earth—pelted by the drunken populace, and hunted out of the kingdom.

Owing to this reciprocity of feeling, Lesley was exactly that sort of a man whom Lord Macdonnell (for he was still so called by the Catholic nobility) required for the enterprise he meditated. He was of still habits, uncommunicative, stubborn, and unyielding in his prejudices and resentments. He seemed to be perpetually lost in thought—as if musing on

some hazardous or criminal enterprise, though of what kind no one could divine. These habits gave a cast of gravity, or rather gloom, to his features, which naturally did not belong to them; and were the means of inducing inquisitive persons, of whom there were not a few in those days, to wonder how a person of his rank should wear an air so studious and mysterious. Perhaps, as the linds did of Beattie's Minstrel Boy—

“Some believed him wond'rous wise, and some believed him mad.”

At the suggestion of becoming the foster-parent of the children, he requested some time to consider his answer. But he soon saw the advantages he would reap from the transaction, not only in the shape of emolument, but from the influence it would give him with those of his communion who felt an interest in the fortunes of Lord Macdonnell, or the Catholic Church. He conceived also that such a connection would, in all probability, provide him with the means of recovering his patrimonial property, his claim to which he was determined to re-try in a court of law. These considerations induced him the more readily to become a party to the abduction, and to fix upon Scotland as his domicile.

The juncture favoured his intentions; for, with the Restoration, the Catholics had acquired hope and confidence, and were returning to various parts of the kingdom. A few years previous, Glasgow would have been a dangerous retreat for Lesley or any of his sect. But the introduction of episcopacy had humbled the kirk, and prevented its members, in conjunction with the partisans of Argyle, from maintaining the supremacy of their principles with so high a hand as formerly. The nation hated popery as bitterly as ever; but now they had prelacy to contend with. In most parts of the country the Presbyterians were expelled from their pulpits. In some districts, indeed, and especially in the west country, they set the proclamations at defiance, kept possession of their churches, and observed the worship to which they were attached. But still they were more circumspect in their resentments. They dreaded the apostate predilections of Charles, and the unanimity of Parliament; and were not only restrained from committing open assaults on the persons of Catholics, but were obliged to tolerate their religious service.

These changes in his favour, taken in conjunction with his long absence from Scotland, and the few persons who would be able to

recognise him on his return, left Lesley nothing to fear from his choice of residence ; so that, after leaving Dordrecht at the port of Greenock, he and Lindsay, along with the nurse and children, took up their abode in a respectable lodging in the Gallowgate, without question or molestation—their hostess being a reduced lady-maiden in the sear of life, remarkably dull of hearing, and punctilious about nothing so much as a quiet house, a cold dinner, and a regular attendance, three times a day, at the out-pourings of grace from the lips of that famous divine, the Reverend Maister Malachi Daud-the-stoor, on the sabbath. These pious restrictions were, for the first few weeks, easily eluded by the nurse, on pretence of attending the children ; and were supposed to be complied with by Lesley when he took his saunter in the “ Green,” and by the Major, who had actually been seen within the walls of the sanctuary.

Before leaving St. Omers, Lesley obtained from the expatriated lord, a letter of introduction to a well-known jesuit, then residing in London, under the name of Father Venzani, with whom, exclusively, all further correspondence, relative to the infants, was to be maintained. With this reverend person, aided

by Sarney, the outline of the plan was matured. It was also agreed, that the eldest child, now in her fifth year, and too apt to allude to circumstances within her recollection, should be separated from the younger, either by placing her under the charge of some trusty abbess, in England, if any such could be found, or by conveying her to France, where she would be more under the surveillance of her uncle. In London he was furnished by Venzani with a considerable sum of money, and a confidential letter to one of the attorneys of Glasgow, on whom he was instructed to wait, as soon as he should reach that place.

Multiple Duplies, or, as he was more popularly designated, "Mooty Duplies, the writer," was the inferior, in point of professional rank, to Archibald Fefment, the city clerk and legal adviser of the magistrates; but he had not, on that account, a less share of business as an attorney. On the contrary, for Fefment's two sleek-haired genteel youths as apprentices, Mooty kept four inky, rough-headed, out-at-the-elbowed, able-bodied louts, under the penalties of an indenture; who, besides doing his drudgery in the day, and for six days in the week, were notoriously the greatest rakes, *ne'er doweels*, and thieves, during

the night, and on Sundays; in so far, that there rarely occurred a *shinty* match in the haugh—or a cock-fight in the Salt-market—an affray in a hostelry between a party of butchers and drovers—or the robbery of a farmer's rookery, hen-house, or bean-field, on the Lord's day, in which one or other of Multiple's apprentices had not a share.

It is true that what was termed the *best* business was in the hands of Fefment, who drew out the marriage contracts, last wills, tacks, heritable bonds, &c., &c., and in general acted as factor, for the nobility, gentry, and lairds, in the neighbourhood. But, on the other hand, Duplies had all the custom of the worshipful company of fleshers, (*anglice*-butchers) and in general of all cattle-dealers, vintners, smugglers, and such like, whom rivalry, or a brawl in the market—the loss of a heifer—a quarrel about the swap of a horse, or the settling of a reckoning—a *brulzie* in the streets, or an assault on the person of the water-baillie, or the exciseman,—might drive into a court of justice, or bring within the ordeal of the procurator-fiscal. These clients gave Duplies and his underlings enough to do; so that his office, a dingy pair of rooms, under two skylights, in the Briggate, might be said to be a kind of

court of Oyer and Terminer, where Multiple, in the character of foreman of the grand jury, took upon himself the investigation of all nose-breakings, eye-blackings, tavern-marks, fish-market larcenies, drunken thefts, high-land riots, and all such breaches of the peace, before the more final arbitration of the law should be resorted to.

This, however, might only be called the criminal department of his business. In civil dissensions, the run upon Duplies was equally great, by the same class of clients, who did not consider their honest name deteriorated by their having a process or two before the sheriff, besides a *plea* of three or four years' standing, involving various knotty and dubious points, before the "Fifteen" at Edinburgh. Multiple, of course, was agent in these important disputes, or rather cases of Scotch law, in which he prided himself as possessing a vast profundity of knowledge. He felt a sort of delight in conducting a nice equipoised old case, which none could feel but he, the father who begat it; and nothing gave him more relief from the vexatious routine of ordinary business, than the *cognosing* of witnesses for a keen defence of some sheep-stealer, before the High Court of Justiciary; or the preparing a memorial, upon

which to ground an application for a suspension of Fefment's judgment, by the Lords of Council and Session, in a two years' lawsuit anent the sale and deliverance of two highland stots, *in causa*, Horncattle v. Cleaver.

With this learned writer Sarney was personally acquainted, having employed him on some of his secret missions, in the service of Buckingham, on matters that required the direction of an attorney in the Scottish courts. As Gamaliel Lindsay, however, he was unknown to him; and although he delayed in Glasgow, merely to know the result of Lesley's reception, yet, for reasons best known to himself, he was desirous to avoid making himself known.

But although he declined appearing before Duplies, unless his influence were required to induce the lawyer to undertake the business, still he doubted not that Venzani's letter would satisfy all his scruples. It would, indeed, have been a difficult matter to have started a case, where the payment of unchallenged costs was sure, that would have disquieted the inward man of Multiple Duplies. He had been all his life a remarkable proof of how closely a *moral* lawyer can sail by the wind, and how boldly a *conscientious* one can splash over the surges

of public opinion, beating down every little object that offers to retard his movements, in the *honourable* career of acquiring money.

Duplies, we must confess, had some reasons for being eager in this pursuit. He was none of your sons of gentlemen or citizens, whose patrimonial inheritance being secured, and their reputation established, seek no additional fame or fortune. These persons, therefore, may indulge in as much apathy as indolence may suggest—their family is made—their cup runs over. But our scion of the law had a name to make, and the foundation of a family to lay besides. He was the root and base of the Duplies. Like the priest before the flood, he had neither father nor mother. He neither knew the place where, the day when, nor the woman by whom, he had been born; so that the domicile of his birth, and the date of his nativity, were, as he himself expressed it, involved in as much doubt as a nicely balanced plea in the court of session.

All that was known of him was, that he was a foundling, found one rainy morning, enveloped in a soiled and ragged petticoat, amongst the mud of the Molendinar burn. Being alive, the brat was taken care of by a few charitable neighbours, and at last was

committed to the nurturance of an old woman, by an order, and upon an allowance, from the kirk session. As it grew, it showed itself tricky, catchy, cunning, and talkative, beyond its years; so that having learnt its alphabet from the figures of gingerbread which the stall-wives sold in those days, at the fairs—and a verse or two of the New Testament at the parish school—it was, on the recommendation of one of the kirk elders, taken into the office of Humphrey Seizin, an upright and conscientious notary in his day, not to write, for of that the urchin knew nothing, but to sweep out the said office, trot messages, carry aliment to the debtors in the Tolbooth, and do all the negro work that appertains to an attorney's business. On this occasion our hero, for the first time, was honoured with a name; for the old woman who had nursed him, had never taken upon herself a matter so important, but issued all her commands under the indefinable and unheraldic protronymics of “the wean”—“the callant”—“the bit foondlin,” and so forth. As for the neighbours, they contented themselves by distinguishing him by the familiarism of “Leezie Urie's bairn.” The boys about the Briggate and the Saltmarket took greater liberties with his wants and habits, and called

him, “wee steal-pease”—“sootty”—“sleeky”—“glee’t curly,” or any other epithet that had reference to his conduct or personal appearance.

Seizin very properly put a stop to these nick-names, and, on his admission to the office, christened him by the name and surname of Multiple Duplies, and charged all his apprentices to pay due respect and obedience thereto, in all time coming. In this way, it may be said, that the “writer” first began to crawl within the purlieus of the inferior law courts—that he learnt to read upon parchment—that he spoke Scottish law-latin as soon as his mother tongue—that he could copy a brief as soon as he could sign his name—and that he grew up from boyhood to manhood with a knowledge of nothing else but hornings and poindings, acts of warding and sederunt, captions and cognoscings, proofs, protests, petitions, interlocutors, decrees, adjudications, roup-rolls, warrants, summonses, and caveats, and so on, that minister to the nomenclature and jugglery of the law.

Being so initiated into the world, it is not to be wondered at, that Duplies was ignorant of every thing but his profession; and that his religious education had been neglected. In this

last matter, indeed, he had no scruples, nor no achings of attachment to any one sect, creed, or party. He believed religion to be like an action before the burgh court, where pursuer and defender made statements and counter-statements, led proofs and counter-proofs, and where each was alike confident of having the law and the evidence on his side. He thought differences of opinion on these subjects were like flaws in a deed of tailzie—they proved fatal to the instrument before the Fifteen. He said *popery* was a principle in the Roman law that admitted a certain extent of possession to constitute right, and which recognised primogenitureship and perpetuities; whereas *protestantism* was an act of declarator, in the supreme court, to have the limits of the principle fixed, and the rights of younger sons and daughters equitably determined. The solemn league and covenant, he deemed, was an informal and illegal contract, that would not stand a hearing in the outer house, and which was not binding on the parties, not having been written and attested by a regular notary. In short, on all subjects Multiple's notions were regulated by the habits of his life; and by what his mind had been revolving upon for forty years. He saw no mo-

tive for a man's conduct but interest, and he believed the world to be something like an action for assault and battery, where he who made the first complaint, and the best story, was the most successful.

At this time he had been upwards of twenty years the rival of Festment. From the rank of errand boy to Seizin, he had risen to be his apprentice, next his confidential assistant and junior partner, and last of all his successor in the business. He had realized a considerable sum of money, and was unabated in his desire to realize more. His principles, at fifty years of age, were the same that they were at twenty, only with this difference, that he knew mankind better, and had a worse opinion of them. He treated the community of his clients as a gang of thieves, on whom he considered it his duty to prey as much as possible, for the sake of justice. Hardened in wile, and legal trappery and trickery—and inured to low stratagem and cunning, and to quirky and wordy formality, he seldom lost a cause, if there were any practicable means by which he could gain it; or if he saw he was to be a gainer by gaining it. As his wealth increased, he became more audacious in his legal resources—more desirous to ag-

grandize the property he had gained at his employer's expense, and more reckless of the instruments he used for that purpose.

This increased disposition to knavery in Duplies had not passed unnoticed in the city. Those most conversant with his character would often observe, as he was seen to walk along, "Ay, there gangs Mooty—there's some puir man's hoose to sell the day, or he wadna be waddling sae fast to the Cross Keys." "Faith, neebour," another would observe, "Duplies has nae guid in his head whan he scarts it sae—I'll wager a plack he's gaun to buy some ruined man's lan' for himsel, wi' anither man's siller." "See hoo the auld misert," a third would probably remark, "hobbles o'er the causey! I'll warrant his pouches are crammed fou o' summonses or hornings against puir folks; but his ain summons will come at last when he little thinks o't, the auld snick-drawer that he is."

Such was the tongue of scandal, and such the man to whom the affairs of Venzani and Lesley were to be intrusted.

A few days after his arrival the refugee waited upon the attorney with his credentials. On entering his office in the Briggate, which could only be done by passing the files of the *shinty*

players before-mentioned, he found the man of law chin deep in vellum and papers of all sizes, raising a cloud of dust at the unloosening of every bundle, that did not serve to brighten his sallow, jaundiced features, which had a repulsive effect at any time, but more so on this occasion, when the insidious dust lay on every line and wrinkle. On Lesley mentioning that he was the bearer of a letter from London, which would explain his business, the lawyer turned upon him with one of those searching looks, that attach importance to the object of them, but are at the same time expressive of doubt as to his real character. When Duplies knew a man he never looked him straight in the face. It is true that the structure of his optical organs rendered a *straight* look a matter of physical impossibility; for Multiple's eyes, although far sunken in their sockets, like decayed oyster-shells at the bottom of a coal-pit, yet they had that sinister cast—that sort of oblique radiation, which would weigh considerably against a ribbonman before a Munster jury, but which on this side the channel is considered indicative of superior genius. But even this glance diagonal was never directed to a known individual; but only to such whose persons were strange, whose business at the same time was

important, and whose appearance, probably, awakened to a more than usual pitch those suspicions which the attorney harboured, in a greater or less degree, against every son and daughter of Adam.

“I opine,” said Duplies, after he had perused one of the despatches, “ye are the Anthony Leslie mentioned in this yepistle?”

“I am,” replied the refugee.

“And your intention is to settle in this kintry, an’ tak measures to recover the lands o’ Kalekippen, whilk were possessed by your forebears, the Lesley’s o’ Kalekippen?” further interrogated the writer.

“That is my intention,” answered Lesley, “and I am desirous to learn whether there is any probability of my being successful.”

Duplies at this poked his snubby nose for a second or two—scratched a little of the crusted flour from his *sommet*, which from want of regular basting had something the appearance of an outer scalp, and fixing his dexter eye upon the skylight of the chamber, while he surveyed the buckle of his client’s shoe with the left, he observed, “That if his memory did na fail him, the Laird o’ Keirmains had recovered them as pairt o’ the original lands o’ Kiermains, whilk the Abbot o’ Crossringen had, as he yel-

leged, yillegally *disponed* to Fergus Lesley, in payment o' certain guidis furnished to the Abbey, in anno domini fyfteen hun'er an' twal, and that the recovery was partly yeffected through the non-appearance o' the defendants in the action o' declarator—your father or gutcher, as I yellege?"

"Yes," replied the refugee, "my grandfather died during the proceedings, and my father, then a young man, and unfamiliar with the rights in dispute, became afterwards too poor to meet the expenses of the law-suit in the Supreme Court."

"Ay, ay, Maister Lesley," observed the writer, "siller is the sharpening stane o' the law—it's the augent that stands behind the leading counsel, and puts the words in his mouth—it's the vera marrow o' a pleading. Oo, ay, Maister Lesley, it's a necessar evil, whilk the wigs o' Embrugh maun hae, or naething would be done for us."

"I am apprized of that, sir," interfered Lesley, "and have taken care to be able to meet the costs in an ordinary way."

"Then," rejoined Duplies, "touching the lands o' Kalekippen, the first thing to be done is to raise ane action o' reduction against the Laird o' Keirmains, whilk I would follow up

wi' a summons o' 'coont an' reckoning, obligating him to accompt for the rents o' the foresaid lands, since he hath held *mali fides* possession o' the same,—but,” continued he, “ we maun first state a' the facts o' the case, in a bit o' a memorial, (it'll cost na' meikle, Maister Lesley,) to Gabriel Cut-him-up, the advocate, for his opinion thereon.—Cut-him-up's been my counsil for fyteen years, an' I've seldom seen him wrang in points o' law.—So wi' his opinion in our pouch we'll be guided, Maister Leslie,—that'll be the canniest way o' ganging to wark.”

Anthony fully concurred in obtaining the opinion of the learned barrister upon his cause, and proposed to call next day, or any day that might be suitable to Duplies, to give him such information, and lay before him such deeds and papers as he was possessed of, relative to his ancestor's property.

“ Ay, the morn will suit weel aneugh—ay, ca' the morn, Maister Lesley—na, na,—stop, sit ye doon a blink, Maister Lesley,” muttered the writer, all the while deep in the perusal of some of the other papers brought him by the refugee, for he never lost a moment, during the conversation, in exploring their contents. After he had in some degree arrived at the import of

the instructions he had received from Father Venzani, he bleared about his small eyes, as if in a kind of puzzle, or as if he had unexpectedly heard of a Lord Ordinary's interlocutor refusing a Bill of Suspension, with costs, in a cause where he, Duplies, was concerned for the appellat. At last he recollected himself—locked up the papers in an old blackened oaken desk, that had seen the days and kept the secrets of his predecessor, and thus addressed his client in waiting.

“It's a deevilish cross-grained kind o' a case this o' Faither Venzani's, and will require a crouse chiel to gang through wi't; but we maun try what can be done anent it. And sae, Maister Lesley, ye're our purse-bearer on the occasion, it wud seem.—Faith my lad, the wark will require a mint o' siller.”

“I'm instructed, sir,” answered the other, “to advance whatever sum the business of the reverend Father may demand, and am prepared to do so, at any time, on your receipt.”

“Quite satisfactory,” interposed the wily lawyer, with a profound *boo*, highly cheered and delighted at the golden harvest which his mind's eye contemplated, “your word is ‘bond in security’ aneugh, Maister Lesley; but,” continued he, “did ye na mention that you in-

tended to lay out some o' your money on land or heritable property, Maister Lesley?"

"I did," replied Anthony, "I wish to expend a small sum in the purchase of any property which would yield me a fair return for the sum invested."

"Oo, ay, I see, I see. Noo, there's the Mailin o' Hillington out by there,—it's in the market, and I haud a bcn'd on't mysel, for four hun'er merks—but may be that wadna suit you.—Let me see,—there's the ten merk lan' o' Haughcable, up near Bothel there—seven and saxty acres or thereby, guid crap lan' as ye wad wish to see—on the banks of the Clyde, too—the title deeds an' articles o' roup are in my possession—the yarl o' Douglas is subject superior—an' the tiends are valued.—Faith it's a bonnie bit o' property, Maister Lesley, an' it's a thoosand pities that the poor man the Laird should hae drooned it sae in debt.—Guid saave us! I hae the feck o' aught hun'er merks lent on't mysel, wi four years' interest due at Martinmas next.—I claur say ye would get a bargain o't, for it maun be sauld without reserve—there's nae alternative—the Laird canna raise a single plack."

There is no saying how long the worthy limb of the faculty would have run on, enu-

merating all the rare qualities of the Mailin of Haughcapple, its pairts, pertinents, pendicles, appurtenances, rights of meadow and common, privileges of salmon fishing, muir shooting, and God knows what else, had he not been interrupted by Lesley intimating that he, the lawyer, would probably do him the favour to turn over in his mind such sales of lands as were shortly to take place, and fix upon what he thought likely to prove the most advantageous purchase. To this the other assented, and the client left the apartment.

The refugee, in his new character of purse-bearer to the Jesuit, and foster-parent to the cruelly abstracted rose-buds of the house of Macdonnell, was not long seated in the manky-covered chair that graced the fireside of Mistress Euphemia Graham's best parlour, before he explained to Sarney the substance of the conversation he had had with Duplies. It was what the Major expected and desired; and he resolved to set out immediately for London.

Next day he accordingly departed for Leith, taking with him the heiress of Baldunaven, who exhibited no signs of unhappiness at being parted from her nurse, further than shedding a few parting tears, for the Major had studiously

won himself into her favour by those attentions and modes of pleasing adapted to her childish years.

From the port of Leith, in those days, sailed a goodly sloop, wind and weather permitting, once every six weeks, for the port of London, laden with goods and passengers, on board of which Lindsay secured a birth for himself and charge, and in the course of three weeks thereafter, they were both safely landed in the heart of the English metropolis.

After spending a few days in the house of Father Venzani in Austin-Friars, the child was intrusted to the care of an old Catholic Lady, a kinswoman, it was said, of the O'Gormans of Rathboyn, and consequently distantly related to the Macdonnells, who shortly afterwards removed with her into France.

CHAPTER X.

She carries with her an infectious grief
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh and sing again.—

The Maid's Tragedy.

WE now skip over a period of more than two years, and resume our narrative with the situation of Lord and Lady Macdonnell.

The grief which at first knew no boundaries, gradually settled into melancholy; and when two tedious twelvemonths had passed away, his Lordship began to give up his children, as irrecoverably lost, either by violent hands having been laid on them, as was the popular opinion, or by their having been carried to some distant country, where in the seclusion of monastic life, and the performance of religious vows, they would live and die unconscious of their real parentage. This latter opinion he inclined to, not so much from having learnt,

that a foreign vessel had sailed from Howth about the time when the outrage was committed, and that her destination could not be traced; but upon the persuasion, that if any of his kinsfolks were accessaries in the transaction, as he believed they were, it could only be with an intention to rear them in the tenets of the Catholic faith. This reflection even added to his grief; for he would often say, “Religion hath done this—I am to be made a martyr in the cause of that creed I hated and abjured; and while the breast of a fond parent is to be tortured to give colour to the pretended judgments and justice of heaven, my hapless infants are to be made the stepping-stones to priestly villany and imposture, and the innocent cause of perpetuating the errors, the delusions, and the misfortunes of our house.”

But deeply as the bereavement of his daughters affected the mind of Lord Macdonnell, it had a still more melancholy effect on his unhappy Lady. At the time it occurred she was in a feeble state of health, rendered more afflicting and hopeless by paroxysms of intellectual alienation. Nevertheless, she, after the lapse of a year, progressively recovered, and on the first return of her reason desired to see her children. Excuses were from time to time

made, that they were in the country with their nurse, her favourite Alice O'Brian, where they had the benefit of sea-bathing and pure air. Pretended messages were even brought from the eldest child to her mother, and trifling presents were sent to satisfy and allay the anxieties of her Ladyship. At length her health became so much improved, and she expressed so strong a desire to pay a visit to Chapletonard, the place where her daughters were reported to be, that the necessity of informing her of their real fate became unavoidable.

This heart-rending task was confided to her physician, in presence of Lord Macdonnell. She heard the tale with remarkable serenity—she enquired into all the means that had been tried to discover them—the individuals, if any there were, whom his Lordship suspected of having been privy to the transaction,—and seemed calmly to acquiesce in the hope that time, and a just and all-watchful Providence, would yet restore them to her arms. She said she had dreamed in her illness, that something had befallen them; and although on her recovery she had treated the impression as merely nervous and visionary, yet had she not been able altogether to divest it from her mind. “But,” continued she, “since it is so—since it

hath been the will of Heaven, to fill the bitter chalice to the brim—since it hath pleased the Almighty to stretch out his offended arm upon us and our offspring, turning our smiles into tears, our love into a source of sorrow—the flowers of our conjugal fondness into emblems of affliction—since He hath taken our eldest and youngest born in one hour, let us grieve not like those who have no hope, for,” she added, “ *Father thy will be done.*”

But this tranquillity of grief soon proved to be illusive. The sorrow that played not on her pale but beautiful features—that drew no tear from her deep blue eye—and plucked not the ruby from her lip—anon fixed in fatal corrosiveness on her mind. She shut herself up from all company and all consolation. She refused to quit their residence in Dublin, for an excursion through the county of Wicklow, proposed by his Lordship, from an impression that change of air and scenery would tend to dispel an incipient predisposition to muse on the fate of her children. But his solicitations were unavailing. She confined herself to her chamber, in spite of all entreaty and advice; and the consequence was a relapse of her former disorder. The malady which before was intermittent became settled and confirmed. Her health suf-

ferred less and her mind more; till at last even her physician despaired of her recovery. The unhappy Lady wandered about her apartments, an afflicting instance of mental abstraction; every ray of judgment apparently sunk in the contemplation of the act which had made her childless. That was the only theme she dwelt upon; and any attempt to dissipate or divert the ideas which her mind formed at the time in regard to it, had only the effect of forcing her into wilder and more distressing reveries. It was often her employment to write letters to her eldest daughter, to whom she seemed most partial, full of directions regarding her health, perhaps, or respecting some needlework she imagined she had sent her. At other times, she would talk incoherently of their illness, and even their death, and give directions suitable to the event. At other times, and for weeks, not a single word was heard to escape her, except at near midnight, when the house was at rest, and her attendant nearly asleep from the dead silence that reigned. Then she would start from her repose, and give vent to the thoughts that oppressed her, by singing, in a clear, melodious, but melancholy strain, the lines of some song of her own inditing, as the domestics believed, or, what was more pro-

bable, that she had learned in her youth. We are unable to give the name of the air, but some of the verses were as follows.

Where be my bonnie babes,
Where do they lye?
On what desert wilde are they,
Under what skye?

Y^e hollow winde whistles,
Chill o'er my heade;
And y^e willow-tree waileth
My babbies are deade.

Hither bring primroses,
Bloun in y^e springe;
And tell all y^e littel birdes
Sweetlie to singe.

Strew y^e green walkes arounde,
Sweet for their sake;
An' y^e wilde birdes will join all
To chorus their wake.

This was her ladyship's usual song, and which was the prelude to a more communicative train of reflection than she previously indulged in. She had others, of which little or nothing is preserved but scraps, such as this:—

My swain hath left me like a flower,
To languish out the wintry shower;
My stay is gone, my bloom is fled,
And soon I'll sink my drooping head.

And a couplet, which she seemed to retain with particular tenacity—

Ah! what avails thy weeping rain?
I'll never see my rose again.

But it is painful to dwell on these melancholy relics. As the reader may suppose, Lord Macdonnell seldom saw his unhappy lady. His enquiries were frequent and regular; but her mind shipwrecked was too agonizing a sight to look upon. He occupied himself in study, and seldom appeared in public.

But among the few visitors he occasionally received was Ludowic Kennedy. For the last two years the latter had been assiduous in cultivating his lordship's friendship; and strange as it may appear, his conduct towards his mother and sister had tended not a little to commend him to that nobleman's esteem. The young officer, indeed, had many inducements to stand well in the estimation of Lord Macdonnell. Besides his influence with the government, he was the brother of the Lady Mary, of whom Kennedy was still an unaltered admirer. He had been unceasing in his attentions and endeavours to make the affection he bore her reciprocal. Tullybogue Castle was but a short distance from Aviemar, where his regiment was stationed, and neither of these places was more than a few hours ride from Baldunaven. Thither Kennedy had been repeatedly during the last two years, and invariably under cover of the love-lorn excuse—that

having been within *so* short a distance of the castle, he could not, by the rules of courtesy, avoid doing himself the honour of paying his respects to their ladyships.

But these stolen hours—these accidental and *unavoidable* visits, afforded him opportunities of communication with the object of his affections, which increased the ardour of his attachment. On the Lady Mary they had imperceptibly a similar propensity. The Lady Dowager uniformly felt so much enlivened at the sight of her “young Sir Cavalier,” as she called him, “the champion of distressed ladies,” that she could not permit herself to impose fastidious restraint on the interviews of the lovers; but on the contrary seemed pleased, that in their accustomed walks amongst the beautiful scenery of the demesne, they appeared to take an interest in those spots to which her ladyship was endeared in happier days.

But she was not aware that, at these meetings, the guileless affections of her daughter became more and more fixed on the young soldier. Her heart which was wont to be free as the winds that played upon the castle turrets, and that only beat at the tale of distress, and the rehearsal of her mother’s sorrows, was

now all tremor, all perplexity, all emotion, in the company of Kennedy. She had, in the unreserved frankness of her disposition, listened to declarations which she dreaded; and to the avowal of a passion, which her own bosom told her was mutual, but to the consequences of which she looked forward with fear and trembling. She met him, on his arrival, with an agitation, which too plainly bespoke the interest she took in his happiness; and in each renewed enquiry concerning his health, and that of the General, his uncle, during his absence, she who was lately all simplicity itself, was now all confusion and perturbation. Every succeeding farewell produced a languor that was rarely dissipated till his return, or till some doughty and trusty dragoon brought her a renewed pledge of her lover's weal and constancy, in the shape of a letter.

“He jests at scars who never felt a wound,” says the prince of mad lovers in the play, and mad as was the man, there is no small portion of truth in the observation. For we can easily imagine, at this moment, a small round-robin of candescent bachelors, sitting over their Sauterne, or Madeira—or what will answer our purpose as well—two or three venerable spinsters, in the act of exorcising the

vapours of the town scandal over the vapours of souchong, and bandying about their birthday jokes most felicitously, at the idea of a young damsel of green twenty, and a green youth of three years more, falling into love, *all at once*, and merely because they looked girlishly and boyishly at each other, on occasion of an old *shadravan* of a family carriage breaking down, and tumbling into a dell among quagmires and brambles.

We do, certainly, admit the jurisdiction of the tea-table; and we concede that it is the peculiar prerogative of *vieillesse*, to be grave or merry where and when it pleaseth; but we enter our protest against such venerables being deemed eligible juressees in the matter in hand.

We are not in a mood, at present, to read these persons a lecture in the style of a learned amateur of literature and science, to a fashionable coterie of blue-stockings, male-poets, and men-milliners, or we might make it appear, to the satisfaction of our audience, that damosels verging upon their seventieth winter, in the bands of single blessedness, with nothing of the greener susceptibilities of youth about them, but their green spectacles, or the green lining of bonnets, intended to refract superfluous rays in sunny weather—we say,

we could make it plain to these personages, that they are incompetent judges in love matters. But we shall only take the liberty to remind them, that the most important events of our lives have sprung from incidents of the most simple and trifling description, and that the pulling of a flower, the losing a bracelet, the finding a garter, (*Honi soit qui mal y pense*), and a million other silly occurrences, which our grey-goose-quill will not stop to name, have laid the foundation of many a noble fortune.

There was nothing surprising in two persons of the years of the Lady Mary and Ludowic Kennedy, cherishing a regard for each other on the first moment they met. Those attachments come more under the control of what is termed destiny, than most of the other transactions of human life. There is a fate about them that philosophy cannot combat—a spell, that neither reason, nor the force of selfishness, which is stronger, can overcome. And this prostration and concentration of the affections, is an instantaneous act. From the first moment the objects come in contact, the charm is completed. The first word, the first look; determines the result. The attraction becomes reciprocal, in defiance of all rules, and pre-

cepts and warnings to the contrary. It is no matter how forbidding may be the obstacles, or how hopeless success may seem to the casual observer—to the cool arithmetician in the distance, who measures every step mathematically—a lover never despairs. If the clouds lour on him, he frowns on the clouds; and the doubt, and gloom, and uncertainty, that torture him, and that generally depress other persons in pursuit of other objects, only tend to impel him towards the goal, with greater confidence, and more determined purpose.

Thus it was with our hero and the Lady Mary. His whole heart was fixed on the honourable ambition of gaining her hand. She, on the other side, loved him with the ardour of a generous passion—with a devotedness, which oftentimes drew the tears from her eyes, when she considered her dependent situation, her mother's prejudices, her religious education, and the distractions and heartburnings that prevailed in her family. She saw herself in a labyrinth, impelled by the purest of sympathies—by the most tender and uncontrollable of attachments—but surrounded by difficulties which she could not contemplate without dismay.

But there were also many impediments on

the side of Kennedy. It is true that he was now more under his own control—more under the influence of the “Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye”—than when he first aspired to the love of the Lady Mary. Sir Francis, his father, had, since then, paid the debt of nature, leaving to his son his title of a knight-baronet, in Scotland, and the family estate of Mount Kennedy, in that country, with the residue of his fortune, in England and Ireland.

But these honours and estates, however well they might sound in the ear of a young man, did not yield him that independency, which an alliance with a lady so circumstanced as the Lady Mary was, and his own bounteous disposition, would render indispensable. On the other hand, he was the heir expectant of Sir Pettigrew Malverne, his uncle. This expectancy, indeed, depended on the concurrence of the old General, in the matrimonial engagement he might form; but from the habits and opinions of this relation, who was far from being conversant with the family feuds of the kingdom, he still trusted he had nothing to fear. So confident was he of standing well in the esteem of Sir Pettigrew, that he resolved on making him the depository of his

passion, and soliciting the intercession of his good offices in his behalf. Having so determined, he rode to Tullybogue for that purpose.

“Ha!—Bon jour, nephew!—glad to see thee, lad—what marvels from head-quarters?” was the salutation of the veteran to Kennedy, when he met him at the breakfast-table.

“This court-martial to-be, is our wine and walnuts just now, Sir Pettigrew.”

“Ha! court-martial didst thou say? On what article, my boy?—Poltronnerie, eh? Let me hear—we knew something of these matters in Flanders—let me hear the charge, Sir Lud.”

“Cornet Silverthorne, for disobedience of orders—that’s all.”

“What! nephew, ‘that’s all!’ dost thou treat a serious charge so lightly?—it’s death by the ‘articles,’ as well here, as it was with us under Turenne. But let me hear the gravamen of this cornet’s offence.”

“Why, uncle, Silverthorne is a mere boy, marched in amongst us before he had rubbed off the habits of his mother’s parlour, or the insolence of Westminster school; so that on being ordered to command a foraging guard to the borders, he dissented, till he should first fortify himself with an under-doublet of his

mamma's Welsh flannel, and some dainty vivres for his matin mess. The Major remonstrated—our sir gentleman was sulky—babbled out some school-boy pronouns—and was sent under arrest for his good-breeding. The affair was tried to be hushed up for the honour of the —, but no, the Cornet *would* vapour, and the affair now rests with the court."

"Badaud!" exclaimed the General, "was ever such a baggage seen in a regular army? Marry, we would have drilled such a thing in Flanders in another way. Try him by a court-martial! Wounds! *we* would have tried him—old Turenne would have ordered such a jelly-boy before him—delivered him his *congé*, with a look that would have made him shake in his jack-boots,—ordered his *garde du corps* to *dépouiller* him, and see him marched beyond the files, and his name expunged from the commission-roll of the Grand Monarque; but all right, you know, Sir Lud,—nothing but strict discipline would do in Flanders."

As this discourse on the court-martial did not seem calculated to afford Kennedy an opportunity of introducing the business which concerned him more nearly, he was necessitated to allude to it, somewhat more abruptly than he could have wished.

“ Why, if hasty words constitute an offence so culpable, General, I’m afraid your nephew hath committed”—

“ Ha ! another court-martial ?”—

“ No, but an offence probably against the ‘ articles ;’ for which, perchance, I may expect no clemency, at the hands of General Sir Pettigrew Malverne.”

“ That depend^s on the nature of thy fault, my boy—the provocation—the rank of thy superior officer, and not a little on your ranks respectively. Old Turenne used to say,— ‘ Let a soldier be tried (*faire le procès*) for what he hath done, and by the law he hath broken, but let his former services weigh in the sentence.’ ”

“ Then, uncle, my offence against the laws of war, and the strict discipline of a soldier, is—*poltronnerie* !—striking my colours to a fair lady’s charms.”

“ Whew ! The rose of the wilderness for a month’s rations ?”

“ She *is* the rose of the wilderness, and only requires transplanting, to be the sweetest blossom on the Malverne tree”—

“ Or on that of Sir Ludowic Kennedy, of Mount Kennedy, in the county of Wigton, North Britain, Baronet, eh ?—Well, this comes

of child-stealing and tumbling over precipices! But what are thy wishes, nephew? Hast thou a dispensation from his holiness, the Pope, to lull the jarrings of the house of Macdonnell? Hast thou power to induce a suspension of hostilities, and by uniting thy protestant blood with a catholic family, already exasperated on account of one alliance of this kind, be able to subdue the mutiny that exists? Beware of ambuscade and masked batteries, Sir Ludowicus Kennedy!"

"I am not insensible of the numerous obstacles; but what most concerns me at present to know is, whether I have your approbation in the prosecution of my suit?"

"Ay, 'not bad generalship, I trow, nephew, to know the strength of your *corps de reserve* before you begin the assault. But what can a gouty invalid such as I do for thee, my boy?"

"Were such an alliance deemed eligible—that it would be an honourable one can admit of no question—and had I the approbation of Sir Pettigrew Malverne, it would remain with my poor exertions to remove every other obstruction."

"Why, my boy, as to the match, seeing that thou deemest it a matter essential to thy happiness, and provided that other persons, more

interested, are satisfied, I venture not to speak disapprovingly. I saw thy choice, as thou knowest; and I did espy a kindly, sweet-hearted, encouraging look about her, that remembered me of poor Madame Genesieux, when her husband was mortally wounded, at the battle of Ekwul, poor soul! I'll never forget how beautifully she looked, when she swooned in my arms at the sight of the fracture.—We had hard work of it in Flanders, nephew, God knows”——

The veteran pupil of the illustrious Marshal de Turenne was beginning to enter upon one of his *themes*, which Kennedy knew would (unless interrupted) be of longer endurance than suited his anxiety, and he interposed by observing, that whatever might be his uncle's opinion of the match, it was far, very far, from being negotiated with the parties most interested, and might never be concluded; and that his chief object, in disclosing his views to his nearest relative, was to obtain, not his consent to the alliance, but merely his permission to pay his addresses to the Lady Mary Macdonnell.

This having been acceded to, on the part of Sir Pettigrew, and his promise given to use his

influence with Lord Macdonnell and the other members of the family to promote the alliance, our hero took his leave, with the full resolution of being an "accidental" visitor at Baldunaven on the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

Affection's mingling tears were ours,
Ours too the glance none saw beside ;
The smile none else might understand,
The whispered thought of hearts allied.

Lord Byron.

WITH the morrow came a finer day than is generally seen in our emerald sister of the west in the month of April ; and in the light-blue haze of the dawn, our hero, attended by Hobbes Jenkinson and Jack Blundle, his two trusty dragoons, as a body guard, was seen exchanging the word with the sleepy sentinels at the out-posts of Aviemar, on his way to the castle of the Macdonnells.

The manners and morals of the Irish peasantry have undergone but a slight change these several centuries ; for a torie or raperie of the times of King Charles of blessed memory, was pretty nearly the same sort of being as is the ribbonman, or peep-o'-day boy of this Augustan age. A riot and the loss of a few lives were then as necessary a finale to

a fair and a funeral, as they are still. The perpetration of a murder in open day was considered but a trivial occurrence; and the circumstance of an individual now and then being fired at from behind a ditch, and the ball having *fortunately* grazed his *os frontis* only, or shattered the metal buttons of his jolly-coat, was a joke of but a few hours' duration. To escape the hazard of these jests, however, Kennedy was in the habit of traversing the country at as rapid a rate as his charger could carry him; so that his usual speed, not slackened on this occasion as the reader may well conceive, soon brought him under the paws of the wolf-dog salient, and the portal arch of the main entrance to the fair demesne of the Barons of Baldunaven.

The Lady Mary was the first person he encountered when he had alighted; and his unexpected appearance, at so early an hour of the forenoon, after an absence of much longer duration than on former occasions, tended to heighten the flush which tinged her features as she received him with her accustomed welcome.

“And you have at length honoured our poor mansion, Sir Ludowic,” said she, in a somewhat chiding tone; “we were fearful that

amid these Connaught broils thou hadst forgotten the green mazes, the waterfall, the hermitage, and the vesper-bells of Saint Thomas."

"Thou dost me wrong, my Lady Mary—not all these—there is one *belle* which I will not speedily forget," answered Kennedy, taking her by the hand, and leading the way up the marble steps of the portico.

The Lady Dowager being informed of the arrival of Kennedy, desired her respects to be delivered him, with her accustomed request that he would make his stay as long as possible at the castle. But the state of her Ladyship's health prevented her from doing the rites of hospitality in her own person, the more especially as that season of the year was prolific of holy days, which she kept with the austere sanctity of the Catholic Church.

Invited by the fineness of the weather, and unrestricted by the attentions of the Lady Dowager, Kennedy accompanied the Lady Mary to see the progress which the spring had made in the walks and gardens.

"Your favourite snowdrops are all gone, Sir Ludowic," said his companion, desirous to commence a conversation, which she had as yet failed to do, from the unusual stillness of her lover; "but see how the primroses hold up

their heads—they are the queens of the walks at this season.”

“ But we owe them no allegiance,” replied the officer. “ For my part,” added he, “ I’ve come in search of a little wild-flower, that I have long deemed the sweetest of its kind.”

“ O ! thou meanest the sultana of the meadow, Kennedy, or perchance the blue-bell of Scotland,” observed the artless maiden.

“ No, forsooth,” rejoined the other, “ though I yet hope to see it in that father-land of mine. The one I wish to find, and wear upon my breast, I first met with, in its summer loveliness, at the bottom of a romantic dell, by the side of Drum”——

“ But if thou hadst it there,” said the Lady Mary, alive to his allusion, before he had time to conclude the sentence——“ but if thou hadst it there, Sir Ludowic, would it not soon wither, be neglected, be cast away like a worthless weed, and be forgotten ?”

“ No, never, by heaven !—I would cherish it, shelter it, preserve it from rude blasts and rough hands, till its bloom became fresher with my care, and its leaves brighter with my culture.”

“ And a most surpassing jardinier thou wouldst be, if all this thy skill couldst accom-

plish. But is there no other blossom in the wild but this one of thy fancy?"

"None. I've made all search, and have found it peerless; and yet I wot not how I shall find it again, without thy assistance, my dear Lady Mary."

"My assistance! Was ever discomfitted knight so reduced? I trow, Sir Ludowic, thou wouldst find me but a silly squire; and I am not florist enough to know the tenant of the glen thou seekest."

"Then will I show it thee."

By this time they had reached the margin of one of those bubbling fountains, which, after the Italian manner, were becoming common to the pleasure-grounds and gardens of the English and Irish nobility; so that, taking his companion by the hand, and bidding her stoop over the brink, he observed—"Look steadily, Madam, and you shall see the flower there."

The clear crystal spring is no story-teller, and the Lady Mary started back at the reflection of her own features, not a little abashed at the stratagem by which her lover had rendered his meaning unequivocal.

"But," he continued, "why should I give utterance to my sentiments in allusive language only? I am not such a stranger as to make it

necessary to speak the feelings of my heart in a double meaning. Thou, my dear Lady Mary, knowest the fervour and the devotedness of my attachment."

"Speak not in this strain, Kennedy," replied the agitated girl; "I marked an unwonted gloom on your brow to-day; and now I find that it proceeded from a cause which most of all I dreaded; but, I implore you, do not fritter away thy affections on one that is unworthy of them—on one, alas! excluded from thy caste, and reared by her mother for the seclusion of the sanctuary. Well thou knowest that I am but a poor dependant, on whom the least tittle of thy regard would be thrown away. I cannot requite thee, Sir Ludowic."

"Name not thy *dependant* condition, Lady Mary. Dost thou think so poorly of me as to believe that I woo thy affections for titles, trinkets, or inheritances?"

"No, thou mistakest me, Kennedy—I hold thee of loftier bearing; but surely thou canst not think that a lady, so conditioned, and so destined as I am, would do well in holding her in a parley with one whom, however much she might esteem, to whose happiness she could not minister."

"Why not minister to my happiness? Thou

art the only being on earth who couldst do so."

"Cherish no such opinion of me, Kennedy. There is a gulf o'er which we cannot pass. I should indeed wrong the regard I bear thee, were I to sanction a hope which cannot be realized. Consider what fresh heartburnings such an alliance would occasion—what other crimes it might lead to—what scenes of wretchedness it might produce—what bitter days and nights it might create, to chequer the downfall of life, and make us curse the hour on which we met! Ah! Kennedy," continued she, suffused in tears, "look at the woes of our family—my mother's sorrows—my poor brother's death—my elder brother an exile, living upon the alms of the church;—and, above all, contemplate *him* who hath caused all this—a fatherless parent—a wifeless husband—reaping from the toils of state the rewards of affliction—heaping together wealth for he knows not whom—and shedding tears over a coronet which he knows not who shall inherit. Ah! Kennedy, this comes of many of the marriages of this unhappy kingdom. I bear no malice against my hapless brother Louis, for, heaven knows, I would I could restore him peace of mind. His error was that, possibly, into

which, Sir Ludowic, you would heedlessly plunge—the error of inconsiderate affection. Do not let this be—shake off a passion that may be ruinous—take warning by our fate—there are ladies fairer and more worthy of thy choice, and let Mary Macdonnell live unknown in her own solitude, as one whom, as you passed by, you saw, respected, and subsequently forgot, and who, in requital of thy courtesy, will never fail to remember thee in her holiest orisons.”

So overpowered was the lady at this review of the sufferings of her family, that it was a few minutes before the officer could with propriety reply.

“ My dear Lady Mary,” at last he observed, “ you have only been conjuring up phantoms in opposition to my affections. Our relative condition bears no analogy to that of Lord and Lady Macdonnell. *You* are the coronet I aspire to. *Thine* is the name—*thyself* the titles, the lands, the honours, I aim at. I seek no dowry but thy love—I ask no sacrifice but the condescension of thy affections to such a suitor as I am—and in so far from seeking to deteriorate the wealth or fame of your noble house, I am prepared to place my little fortune at thy disposal.”

“ Ah ! Sir Ludowic, would it were in my power to repay the sentiments of a heart so open and generous ! Thou art far above my merits. I am indeed proud of thy affections ; and if any return on my part could redeem the high boon I owe thee—if a poor maiden’s heart were a recompense, then, Kennedy, we would stand on equal ground, for thou hast long since had it—*but my hand is not mine to offer thee !*”

“ God of heaven !” exclaimed the officer, his mind reverting with agony to the tale told him in his chamber at Tullybogue Castle,—
“ is it then the property of another ?”

“ It is !—So long as my mother lives she shall have its sole disposal : she early designed me for the cloister, and if it be her will and the will of Providence, I am ready to be devoted.”

“ But wring not my heart so cruelly ; thy fears may yet prove but illusory, and thy mother may not cast our fates so hard.”

“ Beware of false lights, Kennedy,—they will but allure thee the deeper. How canst thou expect my mother to give her daughter to a Protestant, or hazard through another child of hers the creed of her ancestors—already, as she believes, too much violated in her name ?”

“ I will offer no restraint to the exercise of thy faith,” he replied, in a less serious strain. “ On the contrary, and to remove all obstacles to the most perfect matrimonial happiness, I shall take upon myself the duty of being your ladyship’s poor almoner and father confessor.”

“ Thou art pleased to be complaisant, ‘ Sir Knight,’ as my mother would address thee,” answered she ; “ but should thy gallantry urge thee to a trial, which I hope it may not, thou wilt find the Lady Dowager a most unyielding stipulator for ancient practices.”

“ Leave thou that to me. Her ladyship’s scruples may be overcome ; in which case, any objections on the part of the *other* lady, a party to the treaty, I will, *jus mariti*, as the Scottish lawyers say, take upon myself ; and then, to speak my heart’s passion more truly, the lovely flower that crimsoned deeper with my touch in the glen of Drumsulloch, will still be my own Rose-Mary—the rose of my paradise—and in the halls and bowers of my fathers, my favourite blue-bell of Scotland.

The length of the interview had consumed the time which our hero had allotted for his stay at the castle. But before he departed, he intimated to the Lady Mary the substance of

what had passed between him and his uncle, Sir Pettigrew—expressed himself relieved from the perplexities which hung upon his mind in the morning, which, he said, her confiding candour had dispelled; and, moreover, that it was his intention, on the first available opportunity, to make his sentiments known to the Lady Dowager. On this last point, she implored him not to excite her mother's feelings, but to wait the chances of time, and different circumstances. This, however, was agreed to be discussed on his next visit, and he departed, followed by his servants.

They sprang past the wolf-dog and the portal arch, with the speed of an arrow, and reached the borders of the King's County, in the grey gloaming. The road, for about half a mile before them, was a sandy level, covered on each side by a close natural wood, the skirting trees of which partly overhung it, serving as well to obscure the daylight at all seasons, as to shelter it from the blasts of winter. At the further end of the wood was a crossway, leading in the direction of Tullybogue—straight forward was the road to Rigglehaggert—and to the left, that which led to Aviemar.

The night was serene and pleasant, and the

iron clang of the horses' hoofs was lost, in the loose alluvial soil over which they passed. Kennedy was ruminating on the adventure of the day, and calling to recollection every word, and look, and gesture, of the object of his affections—whose generous struggles between love and parental obedience tended but the more to elevate her in his estimation—and was approaching the end of the wood, when he perceived, in the centre of the crossway, a slender figure, in the costume of a female, which, as he neared the spot, lifted up the staff on which it leant, as if to oppose his progress.

It was Bridget of the Cliff, muffled in her grey cloak, who signified to the officer that she had matter to impart to his private ear. He followed her to the road-side, and the following colloquy ensued.

“Go not be St. Lochlin's well de night, young master,” said the woman.

“Why not good Bridget?”

“There are outlaws in the wood,
There are marksmen in the fen;
They'll ha' thy life, young master,
If thitherward you wen.”

This English doggerel she repeated in a low voice, in reply to his enquiry.

“What! am I way-laid, Bridget?” further interrogated the officer.

“Question me no questions, Captain Kennedy,” answered she, “but if ye love ye’r life, go not within a dog’s bark o’ St. Lochlin’s well;—ride to Tullybogue, if it so please you; or go be de Ravensride; but change the route ye intended, or ye’re a dead corse before the cock-crow.”

“Why, my good Bridget, we are but half an hour’s ride to Aviemar, and the day-light is scarcely gone.”

“But a bullet from a blunderbuss will fly far in half a moment, Captain Kennedy,” rejoined Bridget.

“True. But pray tell me—how are the men armed—who are they—and how have they become acquainted with my journey, and the time of my return?”

“Speak not so loud to the sentinels in the white mist o’ the morning, young master,” was her only answer, and she drew her grey cloak around her to depart.

“Stop, good Bridget,” said Kennedy, putting a few *thirteens* into her hand, “can you assure me a clear way by the Ravensride, Mistress Halloren?”

“ Ay, but spare neither whip nor steel, Sir Officer, till ye’re beyond the piquets—and list—come not again to the cliff—next time I’ve news for thee I’ll meet ye where eyes will not see us. Our Mother speed thee, young gentleman!” and she darted into the wood, in the direction of Tullybogue.

Although Bridget Halloren had resided for upwards of thirty years at the cliff, on the estate of Tullybogue, yet but a few of the natives knew anything of her birth-place or early history. Her extreme old age had denied to all but a few any recollection of the former; while the rambling life she had led in her youth, and to which, despite her years, she was still addicted, added to her secluded and reserved habits, had prevented any accurate knowledge of the latter. In her younger years she had been the wife of a private English foot-soldier, whom she followed with his regiment, over greater part of England and Ireland, till he died, when she returned to her native country, bringing with her one child, a daughter, who subsequently married, and with whom she lived for some time. Family differences, however, induced her to quit the roof of her daughter. She then came to

the cabin on the cliff, where she had lived ever since, partly upon the fruits of her own industry, and partly on the charity of the vicinity.

She was a woman of comparatively short stature, being little more than a dwarf; so that her small colourless skinny face,—her twinkling and bleared eyes, and shrill tuneless voice, combined with a person shrunken and bent with age, corresponded, in some degree, with the *suspected* reputation she bore in the neighbourhood. The loneliness of her cabin, of which she and an old owl, a gray-headed crow, and a magpie, were the sole inmates, was rarely visited, except by the unconscious stranger or the priest, whose duty urged him to reproach her for her unfrequent attendance on such religious rites as might have the effect of repelling certain supernatural influences which, it was said, the *evil one* and sundry goblins had obtained over her. But rare and pious as were the holy father's visits, there were not wanting persons who hinted, that his reverence went as often to consult as to reprove good Bridget; and, that wandered sheep, and stray cattle, would many times have been less readily restored by a mass from Father O'Dooly, had Mishtresh Halloren not told him where they could be found. But these

scandals came, doubtless, from the mouths of the heretics, of which not a few abounded, even on the borders of Connaught, in those days.

True it is, however, that the name which Bridget had obtained had raised her to the rank of presiding goddess at all the wakes, christenings, cairachings, and sick-beds, of the neighbourhood; and there was not a miracle performed at a sainted spring, on Hallow Eve, or Palm Sunday, or the morn of St. Anthony's feast, that Bridget Halloren had not some hand in, either in holding the priest's plural, or in giving the lamitar and the baren the first plunge in the consecrated, and, of course, restorative element. These good offices were indisputably in favour of the dwarf's character, as a good and pious catholic; but it was said by some, nevertheless, that the fact of Bridget being more addicted to repeating scraps of old ballads than counting her pathereen—of her never going to confession, and of her making the sign of the cross with her *left* instead of her *right* hand, as she ought to have done; and, above all, the circumstance that fairies and elves, dressed in green, were often observed to hold their midnight orgies at a well-known rath, situated within a few hun-

dred yards of the cliff, all contributed to establish the popular opinion, that Mishtresh Halloren was more closely in paction with Cloorighan, and his invisible emissaries, than durst openly be said.

These gleanings of her character, Kennedy had gathered, partly from Bridget herself, and partly from the domestics of Tullybogue, on whom, as well as others, she levied an occasional *coshering*, in the shape of victuals, clothing, and family secrets, and in return for which she favoured them with her *good-will*.

Unforbidding as was her appearance at all times, this was the creature who now accosted the officer in the dim twilight. But her warning was too grave and peremptory to be slighted. Outrages of that sort were so frequent, that he had more bravery than discretion who exposed himself to a ball from a carbine or pistol, in spite of advice or remonstrance. He consequently gave the necessary instructions to his servants as to change of route, and putting spurs to his horse, he soon arrived safe within the lines of Aviemar.

But however much he had yielded to prudence in following the directions of Bridget, still he felt indignant at being so bravadoed by a gang of midnight assassins; and he deter-

mined, as soon as his men had obtained a few hours' sleep, to make a sortie upon the place where the dwarf said they lurked. Two or three persons, he thought, could, by a circuitous path, approach the place in greater safety than a stronger force; inasmuch as the brushwood would shelter them from the fire of the party, should they be on the alert and over-hear them.

St. Lochlin's well was about a mile distant from Aviemar. It was a spring, in a limestone rock, that oozed out upon a shelvy terrace, at a considerable height from the ground; and over the edge of which it was conveyed, by a spout, to a pool by the road side. A little to the left of the well, and upon the brow of the rock, stood the ruins of a chapel, once sacred to the patron saint of the place, whose name it bore. Further on, and along the base of the hill, was a wood which terminated in a point hard by the pool aforesaid. There was no habitation of any kind near the spot.

Kennedy and his two trusty troopers were in readiness to start, precisely at the hour of twelve. It was a chill breezy night, and the ground was crisped with a slight frost. The moon had set; but the stars, and the thin fleecy clouds which were driven along by the

wind, yielded a sufficiency of light to point out their track. They reached the ruined chapel, by a winding path, groping occasionally on their hands and knees, when they thought they were in such places where they might be seen. All was silent. No human bandit was within the walls of the once holy place. The wild grass waved upon its mouldering lintels, and the ivy leaf twittered upon its crumbling arches; but all else was motionless.

They crept along the brow of the height, with as much wariness as before, and descended with the intention of returning by the margin of the wood. As they winded among the trees they thought they heard the sound of a human voice. In an instant their pistols were cocked; and as they stood thus armed, in suspense, the same sound was heard in the same direction. Proceeding onwards a few steps, the ground ascended, and Kennedy, who was foremost, descried a faint glimmer of a light in the face of the rock before him.

The fissure or cave, whence the light proceeded, was well known by the name of St. Lochlin's oven. It was simply an excavation in the limestone, of dimensions capable of containing about a dozen persons, who, although they had to stoop at the entrance, had abun-

dance of room to stand upright in the interior. The mouth of the cave was concealed, in the day-time, by the branchy hazel bushes which grew before it, through the interstices of which the gleam proceeded that had attracted the officer's attention. From the thickness of the trees, however, and the softness of the sward, he was enabled to approach so near as to obtain a sight of the inside, without any risk of being perceived.

In the centre of the cavern was a fire of wood and turf nearly decayed; the red and livid embers of which afforded a sufficiency of light, and no more, to distinguish the individuals who sat around it. They were six in number, all similarly attired, in dark-coloured rough frock coats, fastened round the waist with a hair-rope in some and a straw-band in others, and low-crowned hats, except one, who seemed, by the manner in which he was addressed, to be leader of the gang. The florid gleam that proceeded from the embers gave to their features a wild and ferocious glare, that corresponded with their profession. Five of the men had each a fusee, or short musket, lying across his knees, while the leader displayed a pair of formidable brass pistols, stuck in what seemed to be a hair-belt, fastened like

the others, over his outer garment. From this also was suspended a dirk, and a *capote* or leathern pouch. Close by the embers lay a bladder, about half emptied of its contents, which appeared to be usquebaugh, from the regularity with which a horn cup was filled from it, and quaffed by all in rotation. In a corner lay two or three wallets, cudgels, several flints and steels, and other articles indispensable in a roving life.

Ambushed as the officer was, by the copse-wood and the darkness, it would have been easy for him, with the assistance of his servants, to have destroyed the whole gang. But what would have justified such conduct? They had done him no injury, and although he was entitled to seize them, as being abroad under such circumstances, yet it was obvious that this was impracticable without effusion of blood. On consideration, therefore, he thought it the wiser plan, to endeavour to gather from their conversation the nature of their business, and ascertain if they were the persons alluded to by Bridget Halloren. He observed that they maintained a kind of desultory discourse, but in so low a mumble, that it was difficult to collect their words.

“ De Ravensride !” said one, “ much farder, boy, an’ de road is rough, an’ a bit dangerous too may-be.”

“ Gi’ me de horn, Phil ; be de Holy, I suppose we’re upon the bait, o’er soon be one sun at de least, Mishter Sullivan,” said another.

“ Can de ould one ha’ blabbed on us ?” interrogated a third ; “ if I thought so, I’d”——

“ Hush, hush,” interferred the one who sat next him, and putting his hand on his mouth, “ say no ill o’ de good woman, Thaddy, ye’ve lain under her roof, you know.”

“ Peace, messmates,” said the ruler of the band, “ we must brace up, an’ be beyond Rigglehaggart before sunrise ; so send round the horn cheerily, for good fellowship, my lads, an’ if we ha’n’t luck this time, we must just wait wind and weather, and God’s providence.”

“ But arn’t we to be here again, at night, ould boy ?” enquired one.

“ That depends on the tide, comrade.”

“ Blud-an-oonds, de troopers can’t be at de castle all night, when they were to be at Aviemar before theattoo.”

“Tullybogue d’ye mean?”

“No, the better place, Barney, for trapping heretics wid goldfinches, an’ teaching the Englishers better manners in a chrishtian country.”

“Och! a bit of a slug will end the jig in that quarter any how, and St. Lochlin’s spring no be de muddier for’t at all.”

“Ay, but don’t be after squeezing out all de cratur to yerself, Mishter O’Sullivan, if it plase ye. There’s other good paiple besides yerself, that don’t, may-be, keep de horn so long a’tween der fingers.”

“Arrah! an’ it’s yerself, me darling? I ne’er knew a Killenyer that did not love de usquebaugh better than his pathereen any-day”—

“Well, boys, enough of this,” interposed the chief of the gang, “let’s sheer off merrily.”

Instantly the party started to their feet; the disburdened bladder was packed into a wallet—the flints and steels and shillalahs were hastily snatched up—the nearly-consumed embers were scattered about the cave, and the gang sallied forth, and hastily disappeared over the upland.

Kennedy, confounded at what he had seen

and heard, and the troopers disappointed at not having been permitted to try the force of their holster-pistols upon the “Connaughers,” groped their way in silence out of the wood, and returned to their quarters.

CHAPTER XII.

Why villany's a trade ;
The hireling wretch who caters for his Lord—
Who perjures, robs, and stabs to serve his ends—
Who, as he's bid, will place the blazing brand
Under a kinsman's thatch, and lay a lure
For lonely lovely innocence—why, he,—
He's but the shadow of his master's crimes.

The Suppressed Tragedy.

THE Lady Dowager Macdonnell was of the family of O'Gorman, who, at one period, held extensive possessions in the county of Galway. They were a numerous sept, whose chief had held sway and claimed tribute, with a kind of feudal sovereignty ; and although, at the time to which we allude, their numbers were greatly diminished, and their power proportionably reduced, still they retained the barbarous haughtiness, which many ages of petty despotism had, in some degree, engrained in the family.

Many of the O'Gormans were sufferers from the acts of attainder, and although most of

them had challenged enquiry before the King's commissioners, none of the family had been so fortunate as to be pronounced "innocent"—the only verdict which gave them a title to relief under the Bill of Indemnity. They were, therefore, not the least exasperated at the conduct of the government, nor the least punctilious in their denunciations of the measures of the Duke of Ormond, nor, withal, the least unprepared to join in *any* project which should consume their spare time*, or amend their condition.

But if some of the family were actively, and others passively, disaffected towards the government—there was one subject on which they all felt alike sore and irritable, namely, the extreme rigour of the laws respecting Catholic recusants, and the inducements which the government held out to younger sons to disinherit the elder, by acts of apostasy, perfidy, and hypocrisy. These feelings had recently been rendered more acescent by the occurrences in the noble family of Macdonnell, to which they stood nearly related. They saw the inroad, if we may so express it, that was

* "Spare time;" our letters say, that this is as grievous an evil in the kingdom of Connaught in modern times, as it was in the "merry days."

made on their church by the conduct of their kinsman, Lord Louis; and while they lamented the sorrow into which the Lady Dowager and the rest of the family had been plunged in consequence, they were unceasing in their threats of retaliation upon those whom they deemed the aggressing party.

In the cause of religion the more generous sympathies of human nature too often become torpid. Selfish as man is, he will sometimes commit blacker deeds for Heaven's sake than his own; and inflict more misery upon his species to "serve God" than to aggrandize his own fortune. In this instance, the unfortunate situation of Lord Macdonnell—wifeless and childless as he was—instead of calling forth commiseration, served rather to invigorate their hopes, and impel them the more sanguinely to enforce their purposes.

Felix O'Donahue O'Gorman, the youngest brother of O'Gorman of Rathboyn, the head of the family, was a gentleman about thirty years of age; as poor but as aspiring as his native hills; with a temperament indigenous to the climate, all clouds and storms; and of a faith and piety as pure as the sainted source of the Shannon. He was devotedly attached to the church of Rome; an active correspondent

of several catholic refugees—and of Father Gerald, among the rest. He was proud from education, and poor by the dispensation of Providence, and a tool of the priesthood, because he was poor. He was desirous to improve his fortune; but in sooth he had a deep-rooted disinclination to effect this under the curse of Adam, “by the sweat of his brow.”

He had, from the first, engaged in the schemes of Father Gerald; and besides being an accessory in the outrage upon the children, he was, in conjunction with the jesuit Workington, the director of such other measures as the ex-lord, or his London agent, Venzani, might think requisite to the completion of their designs. In this official capacity he had, accordingly, been no silent spectator of the attentions which Sir Ludowic Kennedy received at Baldunaven Castle, and the intimacy that subsisted between him and the Lady Mary.

But Father Workington, from his superior industry was by far the most active agent in the plot. This person was perpetually on the watch for information, and his erratic life gave him opportunities of learning the movements of parties, and the secrets of families in whose concerns he felt interested. He

was incessant in his perambulations, seldom prolonging his stay any where above a few days. One day he was probably seen passing the out-posts of Aviemar—the morrow in the vicinity of Tullybogue—next day within the precincts of Baldunaven; and in a day or two more, he would be espied walking with lingering pace before the mansion of Lord Macdonnell, in Dublin; and on many of these peregrinations, he was accompanied by his colleague. He wore a serious air, and was not reluctant in obtruding himself into the meanest company for his own private purposes.

A few days after the discovery of the banditti in the cave, this individual and Felix O'Gorman arrived at the small inn of Rigglehaggart, at an early hour in the morning, and the state of their apparel, and the fatigue of their horses, showed that they had come a considerable journey. As they dried themselves before the rousing fire of the little parlour, and did homage to the cold sirloin, and the hot ale afterwards, tempered with a bowl of mulled Canary, they discoursed, in a half whisper, somewhat in the following manner.

“ I pray this boisterous morning may im-

pede not our men beyond the appointed time," said the Jesuit.

"Fear not that," answered Felix; "Brian is not a kid that cares for a wet booterkin, or a western gale. He's weathered too many squalls for that, Father."

"I know he's a trunk that won't shake though the oak does; but 'tis a long march, and a mountain one. Are the others equally hardy, think'st?"

"Ay, all, to a boy o' 'em," replied the other. "Brennan's a fellow would find his way *through* a mountain, and the rest would follow, though it should every moment threaten to crush them. Fear them! By St. Paul, a dark night and a thunder-storm is their element—they are never so happy as when they only see their shadows by the flash of their firelocks, and hear a horse tread on the highway, without being able to tell whether or no the nag be mounted. They'll be at Coolmaddy before sunset, take my word for it."

The barony of Coolmaddy lay also on the borders of Roscommon, about six miles from Aviemar, and three from the residence of General Malverne. It was part of the confiscated lands, and was divided into several small

estates of from three to four hundred acres. On one of these townships lived a gentleman of the name of Reynolds, who had been a private secretary to the Duke of Ormond, during his first administration, in the former reign. He was a near relative of the late Sir Hugh Tyrconnell, father-in-law to the Lord Macdonnell, to whom by virtue of his marriage the above, as well as another estate in Galway, would eventually descend. The estate which Reynolds owned in Galway had belonged to an uncle of Felix O'Gorman's, who had forfeited it in the rebellion. How the present proprietor became possessed of these lands we cannot tell, and it is of little consequence to our narrative. He *did* possess them, and that was enough to render him obnoxious to the O'Gormans.

Felix was heir presumptive to this Galway estate, and for some reasons best known to themselves, he and his friends believed, that it was owing to the influence which Reynolds possessed with the Duke of Ormond that his uncle's trial of *innocency* had been delayed from time to time, and, consequently, his just claims defeated. He was, therefore, not only deemed the enemy direct of the attainted uncle, but he was also considered, by inference, the chief obstacle to the hopes and fortune of Felix himself; for in

case of his uncle being unable to prove his innocence, or die before he should have an opportunity of doing so, the property, as they conceived, might be considered as irrecoverably lost.

These were, therefore, good standard Connaught reasons for wishing, as King Richard says, "the bastards dead." They were substantial *a priori* arguments in favour of justifiable homicide, under the mortification of a five years' penance—an annual wheat, barley, or oats offering to the choir of the immaculate virgins, and a quarterly largess to the father confessor. But besides Reynolds being a barrier to the hopes of the younger O'Gorman, he was a rock of offence in other respects. He had been the instrument, it was alleged, of expelling the old friars from the alms-house, as it was sometimes called, of Coolmaddy; and converting the same into a protestant church, where the reformed service was regularly performed, to the infinite scandal and reproach of that part of the kingdom. This was an outrage upon religion—upon the church—upon the saints themselves, unpardonable either here or hereafter. Thus, the wrongs of the faithful, and the personal and ideal wrongs of Felix O'Donahue O'Gorman, were blended together,

and dove-tailed into one another, as it were, to be redressed at one blow on the head and hereditaments of Reynolds, of Coolmaddy-chase.

The house of this gentleman was a compact rustic building, situated on the *fess* of a green slope, at the western extremity of the estate, sheltered posteriorly with a few old trees, to which was joined a thick, broad, thriving belt of young birches, elms, and firs, planted when he took possession, nearly twenty years before, and which met in two circular clumps at the gates, in front of the house. Beyond these was a beautiful sheet of water, of about a mile in length, and half as much in breadth, called Lake Maddy, or Coolmaddy-loch. This lake received its waters from the high lands in King's County, and emptied them by means of a small stream into the Brosna-lesser, after a run of a few miles. The high-way to Riggleshaggart, Baldunaven, and the southern parts of Roscommon, passed upon the western side of the loch, and, consequently, at a considerable distance from Coolmaddy-chase, which was approached from the main road, by a path formed by Reynolds himself, which wound along the margin of the lake till it came opposite the lane leading to the house.

The stormy morning that saw Felix O'Gorman and the Jesuit to the Inn at Rigglehaggart, continued its gusty favours throughout the day upon travellers less fortunate and worse mounted. The darkness set in nearly an hour earlier than usual; and although the rain had ceased, and the roads had become more dry from the high wind, yet the dense clouds that flew across the horizon gave token of a night moist as well as dark. Reynolds, as well for security as for the purposes of husbandry, kept as many servants as his house could accommodate. He had three men, two women, and a boy, under his roof, in whom as they all had been a long time in his service, and some of them from childhood, he reposed the greatest confidence.

Disturbed as the times were, and common as were crimes to all parts of the country, Reynolds had never yet been assaulted or molested in his solitude. Being unmarried, he acted the part of a parent to his poorer tenantry, encouraging habits of industry, increasing the comforts of the most dependant, and thereby ingratiating himself into the esteem even of those who formerly bore him no favour. Many of his neighbours in the barony, it is true, had been attacked; and during the preceding win-

ter the proprietor of the contiguous township had been way-laid, robbed, murdered, and his body flung into the lake. Since then Reynolds had used some additional precautions for the safety of his house and person. At an early hour his doors were closed and his windows fastened; and if any of his domestics grew tired of labour or amusement within doors, they might retire to their beds, but on no account would he permit a bolt to be withdrawn, either for ingress or egress, from the twilight to the dawn.

On the night in question, about two hours after dusk, eight men were seen to leave the high road and betake themselves to that which led to Coolmaddy-chase. The night was dark, and they moved slowly and warily along. When they came to the ford across the rivulet, they exchanged a few sentences which may possibly explain their intentions.

“Ar’t shure o’ de ford, Thaddy?” said one.

“Fait am I, boy,” replied the man addressed, “an’ here it is too.” So saying he led the way and the party passed.

“Has de ould heretic a good magazine?” enquired one; “dey say the butler and anodder be ould troopers, and know how to handle a blunderbuss right well too.”

“An’ be St. Loi, won’t may-be die a better death for all dat,” whispered his comrade—
“a trooper’s been shot by a Sullivan before now.”

“Hush! there’s a foot a-head,” mumbled another, and in a moment the whole gang were prostrate with the earth. But as this proved to be a false alarm, they resumed their march, and the conversation proceeded.

“Strike a light for de lantern, Mishter Tim, ye’er de boy for using de steel—ye’r shure a brave boy for de fire that’s in ye, Tim—dat’s de spark, me boy—steady now—take care o’ de powder, Tim—steady, Tim, ye fire-raiser—into de horn wid it—under ye’re frock, me darling, so, so.”

The party soon reached the gates of Coolmaddy-chase, and taking a circuitous course round the end of the mansion-house, they took up their station among the farm offices at the distance of a few hundred yards behind it. Here were some corn and hay-ricks, a stable and cow-house, with such other buildings and implements as were common to a farm-yard. After some parley, and some time spent in reconnoitring the dwelling-house, which was reported to be in darkness and security, as if its inmates had retired to rest, the light from the lantern was

distributed to several combustible wisps borne by the gang, and in a few minutes all the out-houses, and corn-stacks, were in one terrible conflagration.

As soon as the fire was lit, the incendiaries retired to a position, where at the same time they could have a view of the progress of the flames, and be able to mark whoever might appear at door or window of the mansion-house, to look at the blazing offices. The plan was to shoot Reynolds at the instant he should present himself at his bedchamber lattice ; or in case of any of the doors being opened by the domestics, the party were to rush in, disarm, or assassinate all whom they might meet. In the event however of the fire failing to arouse the family, two of the party were to knock at the hall-door, making them acquainted with the circumstance, and proffering them their aid to extinguish the flames. By this last stratagem, and the means it would afford them either of entering the house or meeting its owner, they confidently calculated on making sure of their victim.

But perfect as they deemed their plans to be, they nevertheless proved abortive, from one of those unforeseen incidents, by which the best matured schemes of villany are often defeated. Reynolds, a night or two previous to the

attack, had exchanged his usual sleeping-room, till it should undergo some repair, for one upon the ground floor. A servant who happened to be awake saw the gleam of the conflagration, but as his window did not look towards the spot, he flew to his master's room, which he knew to be empty, and without any consideration, as was supposed, he opened the fastenings of the shutters and the lattice, to obtain a more distinct view of the fire. The party in the shade observed him as he appeared, and imagining him to be Reynolds, fired and killed him on the spot.

The report of the fire-arms under the windows roused the old gentleman, who as he beheld his out-houses in a blaze, had discernment enough to attribute the work to the right cause, and restrain his servants from opening the doors. At the same time, the discovery of the murdered man confirmed his suspicions. As for the assassins, as soon as they had discharged their carbines at their victim, and heard him fall, they departed by the route they came, satisfied that their main object had been accomplished.

It was now past midnight, and the pitchy grossness of the atmosphere was beginning to dissipate before the rays of the rising moon.

The road that before was invisible was now distinctly marked; a few stars were observable; and the whole sky wore a lighter and relieved aspect. The lake appeared from under the dark mantle that had covered it, and objects could be discerned at a considerable distance.

At the bursting out of the flames a strong party of dragoons were returning to Aviemar, by the main road leading to Rigglehaggart. Captain Kennedy who commanded it, judging that the fire, which was seen several miles off, was the work of incendiaries, resolved to take his men by the road leading to Tullybogue, in order to ascertain if his apprehensions were well-founded, and render any assistance that might be required. He had not proceeded far by the margin of the lake, when he was assured by the soldier in advance (who, by-the-by, was Hobbes Jenkinson, one of his doughty esquires on all occasions) that he saw two men, or what he took to be men, reclining in a field on their right. At this moment the shots fired by the assassins were heard, and the officer inferring from this circumstance, that there were desperadoes abroad, instructed Hobbes to satisfy himself as to what he saw, but at the same time giving him express orders to commit no wanton act of aggression.

The trooper's eyes were trustworthy, and they did not deceive him on this emergency. The two prostrated trunks were indeed men, who on the approach of the soldier and two of his comrades; betook themselves to flight. They had horses tied to a tree, which having speedily mounted, they scampered over the rugged ground with all the celerity their chargers could carry them. But Hobbes Jenkinson was not to be out-distanced or out-manœuvred by civilian horsemen; for he soon came within pistol range of the last of the fugitives, whom he commanded to stand at his peril. At this, the man instantly wheeled his horse and discharged a pistol at his pursuer. The ball grazed the iron ribs of the soldado, with a concussion which made him believe that it had entered his thorax, and that this was consequently the last of his field-days. Feeling therefore a desire to return the compliment, and die not unavenged, he levelled his carbine at his antagonist, exclaiming as he fired, "Take that, my Connaugher."

The ball struck the fugitive, who tumbled from his horse upon the greensward. His companion being better mounted, made his escape from the dragoons. While the wounded man was being conveyed to a cabin by the road-side, the party proceeded onwards in the direction

of the fire. But just as they reached the clump of trees at the entrance to the lawn, the dragoons were assailed by a discharge of musketry from among the trees, behind the deep ditch. The order to dismount and scale the fence was the work of a minute ; but before this could be accomplished they had to sustain another fire from the banditti. In short when they did surmount the fossé their foes had retired, they knew not where ; but at all events in a direction among the brushwood, which it would have been perilous to follow.

Surrounded as the mansion-house of Reynolds was with young wood, from which the incendiaries could fire upon the soldiers in perfect and invisible security, it would have been the height of rashness to have advanced further. Besides some of the men were severely wounded, and Kennedy's horse had been shot dead on the spot. Seeing, therefore, that the house was safe, and knowing the resolute conduct of the proprietor, the officer deemed it expedient to retire with his troops.

“ Well, Hobbes, where is thy prisoner,” interrogated Sir Ludowic, as the former overtook him, “ thou art still alive thyself I perceive.”

“Ay, no thanks to the grey-coated knave for it; but he’s peppered, that I’ll vouch for.”

“What mortally wounded, say you?”

“Ha’ says he’s dying himself.”

“Who is he?” enquired the officer.

“A priest by his own account; but he appears more like a freebooter for all that.”

“Well, he must be taken care of.” The officer gave orders to the serjeant as soon as he should arrive at head-quarters to send a fresh party to bring the wounded priest to the garrison; and giving the word of command, the party left the lands of Coolmaddy-chase.

CHAPTER XIII.

The poor laborious hind heard the dire curse :
In every cloud he sees a vengeful angel,
On whose waving scroll he reads damnation.

Shenstone.

“ THE murder of a Catholic priest in Roscommon! under what circumstance pray?”

“ I learn from a relation of O’Gorman of Rathboyn that the brother of that gentleman, when travelling from Ballybogue Abbey to St. Thomas’s Priory, in company with an English clergyman lately arrived in the kingdom, were attacked by some straggling dragoons, the latter fired upon, and mortally wounded.”

“ Strange! that I have received no advice on the subject.”

This conversation passed between his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and one of his aides-de-camp; and was scarcely finished, when a servant delivered to his Grace a packet from Colonel ———, containing an account of the affair at Coolmaddy, as narrated in the preceding chapter.

When the party arrived from Aviemar, to take the man wounded by Hobbes Jenkinson into custody, they were informed by the inmates of the cabin, that he had died during the interval. A dead man lay upon a board, and the hut was crowded by men and women collected from the neighbourhood, lamenting the cruel murder of an inoffensive and reverend priest, in the midst of whom sat Felix O'Gorman, extolling the virtues of the deceased, and of course exciting the sympathies of the multitude. He depicted the act as one of the most wanton atrocity—as having its origin in the malignant feelings with which the king's troops were influenced towards the common people, but especially towards the holy pastors of a sect, whom it was their desire and their aim to extirpate from the face of the earth.

But the wailings for the murdered Catholic were not confined to the barony of Coolmaddy. Ere the expiration of two or three days, all parts of the ccuntry rang with inflated accounts of the transaction, in which little or no mention was made of the burning of the farm-yard of Reynolds, or if it was mentioned, it was only to reprobate any *base* attempts that might be made to attach suspicion to the character of the deceased, just as if there could be any

suspicion that a person so respectable, and travelling on so holy an errand, was an accessory of incendiaries.

The tale was told passionately and artfully to excite public feeling, and lead to acts of criminal reprisal; and while neither O'Gorman nor any of his friends applied to the government for investigation or redress, they nevertheless stirred up the prejudices of the rabble, poisoned the sources of popular opinion; and, for secret ends, and to promote their own ambitious purposes, they added fresh fuel to the brooding resentments of the Catholic peasantry.

But designedly concealed as the real facts of the case were from the public, they were well known to the government. It had, in the statements of Reynolds and the commanding officer, good *prima facie* evidence that the deceased priest and his companion were in some degree implicated in the work of the incendiaries, for upon what grounds could their presence at so retired a spot be accounted for? If they were passing the place accidentally, and were desirous of ascertaining the cause of the fire, a curiosity which in those times it was extremely dangerous to gratify, why were they off the direct and only road leading to the house? Why were their horses tied to a tree? .. And

why did they first attempt to conceal themselves, and then fly from the King's troops, whom they could not have failed to observe were such, in the regular discharge of their duty? In addition to this, there was the evidence of the landlady at Rigglehaggart as to the conversation that passed between the parties, which was almost conclusive as to their being privy to some intended outrage, and that they expected to meet with men at Coolmaddy for that purpose "before sunset." On the whole, the Duke of Ormond entertained no doubts as to the secret connexion of the Jesuit and O'Gorman with the assassins, although he saw the impracticability of substantiating the charge in a court of justice; and he in consequence conveyed to Colonel — his approbation of the conduct of Captain Kennedy and the party under his command, who had from a sense of duty risked their lives in endeavouring to save the property and detect the perpetrators of the outrage and murder.

But it is a difficult task to silence the clamour of public opinion, or remove the delusions on which that opinion is oftentimes found to rest. "The murdered saint" was the rallying word from hill to dale. Women went from cabin to cabin, tearing their hair in the extremity of

their grief, and venting lamentations the one instant, and curses the other ; and even the other sex were not silent in expressing their horror at an event so appalling as the cool-blooded assassination (for so the defensive discharge of Hobbes was represented) of a pious, grey-haired, and reverend clergyman of their church, whose benevolence had induced him to travel abroad after the setting of the sun.

Excitation was roused to the highest pitch, and nothing was heard or seen but indignant murmurings, scowling looks, and gestures significant of revenge. In this state of popular ferment it was announced in all the chapels of the district, that the remains of the Reverend Father Eustace Workington, who had been barbarously *murdered* by a party of the King's troops, were to be publicly interred at Ballybogue Abbey, and that all good Christians were invited to join their prayers with those of the church and the blessed martyrs on the mournful occasion.

On the night previous to the funeral a vast assemblage of persons, of both sexes and all ages, was collected around the wretched mud cabin in which the corpse lay, attracted thither by the intended procession on the morrow. Those who presided in the interior of the hut were chiefly old women, to whom provisions

and a plentiful allowance of usquebaugh were provided by persons unknown. The corpse lay superbly attired, according to the taste of the dames in waiting and ancient custom, and was besides covered with a winding sheet, sprinkled and purified by the priest. The *keen*, or wake song, hollow, wild, and irregular—sometimes falling into a low, inarticulate murmur, othertimes swelling into a shrill, frantic, and hideous yell—was caught by the listeners without, and raised upon the breeze of the loch, so as to be heard at a considerable distance. It was a starry night, and just enough of wind, which came in fitful and faint breezes, to carry the wild and solemn notes of the *keeners* across the placid bosom of the water. The effect on the ear was at times harsh, discordant, melancholy, and even fearful; while the innumerable small flickering lights that appeared and disappeared, and danced to and fro in all directions, casting their feeble refractory rays on the dark mirror of the lake, gave to the whole scene the outline of a picture of romance.

In the middle of the cabin was a large turf fire emitting more smoke than flame, which, with the aid of a rushlight stuck up against the wall, served to distinguish the shrivelled

features, sunken eyes, and long skinny fingers of the beldames who ruled the death-bed mysteries. Some sat round the fire on low stools or blocks of wood, gazing upon the embers, and joining occasionally in the chaunt, as suited their feeble voices, or the words of the piece. Others sat upon the truck, or bed, wrapped closely up in their cadews, joining their hollow inarticulate hum in the cairach, and staring upon vacancy amid the turf reek, as if they had been deserters of the grave, come to claim kindred with the defunct. A few leant silently against the walls of the hut ; some stared in at the door, filling up the principal aperture where the thick respiration and the smoke could find egress ; while others stooped over the corpse in the performance of various superstitious rites, and the ejaculation of short Ave Marias for the soul of the deceased.

“ O ! blessings on de holy mau,” said one ; “ he has the sweetest saintly look dat ever was seen.”

“ Ay, he’s a happy man now, for he has de smile o’ an angel, as if he were singing hallelujahs wid the martyrs, an’ looking kindly down on us poor keeners,” observed another.

“ But shouldn’t the brogues be lying at de right hand, Bridget, an’ de candle at de left ?”

enquired one who had commenced an inspection of the shell.

“Shure an’ they should,” replied a dame by the fireside; “be dey not so, Mishtress Halloren?”

“Hush, hush!” answered the dwarf, “let no’ the dead hear o’ de mishtake, cronies. Gi’ me o’er de brogues, Cathleen,” continued she, in a low whisper, unable with her short arms to stretch so far, especially as the articles in question had to be conveyed round by the feet of the corpse, and not over it, which would have been deemed an unlucky movement.

“Och, now, dere’s never nothing praperly done widout ould Mother Leary—but she’s to her rest now, poor woman. There’s nare a thing laid as it should be but de haporths, an’ it was meself dat did it too,” said one.

“An’ were I yerself, Bridget Halloren, I’d put de little hammer fardder down a bit,” remarked another female onlooker, “an’ put de *thirteen* close between de finger an’ thumb, and de holy water narer the armpit; but ye’re de better judge, may be, Mishtress Halloren.”

Whether these hints as to points of form were attended to by Bridget of the Cliff, who seemed to be mistress of the ceremonies, or whether any further advice was tendered her by the

ancient matrons, who acted as assistants on the occasion, we cannot tell, from the high and screeching pitch of voice in which the wakers gave utterance to their wailings. Anon the music became more natural, and the words, which were in Irish, were to the following purport :—

Ave Maria!

Hail to our Mother!

Ave Maria!

Here comes a brother.

White is his winding sheet,

Bare are his way-worn feet,

The cross on his breast, and his off'ring in hand;

O! welcome his weary limbs,

Remit all his hidden sins,

Receive him, ye saints, to your heavenly band.

Ave Maria!

Hail to our Mother!

Ave Maria!

Here comes a brother.

The rushlight lies here,

The water is clear,

And thrice hath the chapel bell toll'd :

His sins are confess'd,

The priest hath him bless'd ;

O! open the gates,

He's weary that waits,

He's weary and faint with the cold.

Ave Maria!

Hail to our Mother!

Ave Maria!

Here comes a brother.

The night was spent in rhymes such as these, some of them of a more simple, natural, and

even more lively description, and others absurd and unintelligible in the extreme. Those parts that were of a less solemn and mournful cast were generally more agreeable to the crowd without; while those intended to express sorrow were joined in by the more aged with terrific shrieks and yells.

Next morning Felix O'Gorman and a few of the Catholic gentry of the neighbourhood, attended by a number of clergymen, were upon the spot to head the procession. Women and children, ragged, cold, dirty, and hungry, were assembled in thousands, and men half intoxicated and armed with cudgels, were prepared for any onslaught, that quarrelling or religious fervour might produce.

The bier was borne to Ballybogue Abbey accompanied by the persons aforesaid, and followed by the screams, tears, and frantic gestures of the most wretched rabble that ever was beheld. At the abbey it was met by the monks in their plurials, drawn up in order, who led the way to the place of sepulture. The chapel of the abbey was a small gothic erection, separated from the main building, situated in the centre of the burying ground. The bier, as it entered the yard, was taken from the men who bore it, and placed on the

shoulders of six persons dressed in white, bare-headed and barefooted, with small bells in their hands. These moved to the door of the chapel, preceded by three old monks, similarly habited, the first bearing a large bell—the second a book, the Latin Vulgate, open between his hands—and the third a large lighted taper in his right hand. The bier was followed by the remainder of the religieuse and the multitude.

The procession, in the above order, walked slowly round the chapel venting imprecations, and calling on the Almighty to curse the perpetrators of the murder; and when they reached the place whence they started, the large bell was tolled, the little bells were jingled, the monks and priests said “Amen,” and the crowd clapped their hands and shouted with all their might. At the second round, all the curses “written in the Book” were invoked upon the guilty persons. They were cursed wherever they should be—whether in house or in field—whether in the highway or in the path—in the wood, or in the water, or in the church; they were cursed in living or in dying—in eating or drinking—in being hungry or thirsty—in fasting, sleeping, slumbering, waking, walking, standing, sitting, lying, working, or resting—inwardly and outwardly, and in all the fa-

culties of their bodies ; which done, the book was shut with great solemnity—the monks said “ Amen ”—and the mob shouted as before. At the third round, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, were invoked to curse them. The holy and eternal Virgin Mary—St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls—the angels, archangels, and all principalities and powers—St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Patrick—the multitude of patriarchs and prophets—the holy and wonderful company of martyrs and confessors—the choir of the holy virgins, and all the saints from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages—were called upon to curse the murderers of the pious priest ; which being done, the monk who bore the lighted candle exclaimed, “ As fire is quenched with water, so let the light of the guilty persons be put out for evermore ; ” and accordingly he blew out the candle ; the chapel bell tolled, the lesser bells jingled, the monks said “ Amen,” and the multitude rent the air with acclamation. After this the coffin was lowered into the grave with the usual ceremonies of the church of Rome.

“ Ounds ! but I’d give a month’s pay, Hobbes, to be with our troop in a charge among these black-pated Papists. Why they

deal about their coorses, methinks, as if they were firing ball cartridge at a target," said Jack Blundle to his companion Jenkinson, both of whom had been sent in disguise to reconnoitre the motions of the funeral.

"Amen!" responded Hobbes. "Did thee see how the knaves chuckled at our being fired off to hell like rusty bullets, comrade? Marry! I believe their curses ha' taken effect on my throat, for I ne'er longed so much for a flaggon as I've done this last half hour;—ahem! how the choir o' the virgins sticks e' my gullet—they'd be impudent jades enough to use one so cowardly—what think'st, Jack?"

"Ay, would they. But did thee mark the old bald-pate with the bell;—I'll bet thee a double noggin he's full brother to the priest thee sent to the Devil t'other night—or he's his ghost, that's all?"

"O! thee doesn't know 'em, comrade. These knaves are all as much alike as our two swords—there's no knowing the one from the other unless thee mark 'em as I do."

"Ay, may be so. But a'say, Hobbes, they peppered thee primely—thou'll burn like a wet turf for this in t'other world, comrade."

"An I do there'll be false swearing somewhere, say I. Why, man, I don't care for all

the curses of these foisty Monks any more than for the snap of a drab's fingers. Zounds, if I had twenty o'em at the gap o'the Ravensride, I'd put cursing out o' their heads, ay, an' make every soul o'em bless me with the best breath e' their bodies, the rascals."

With such like edifying conversation our troopers walked away with the populace, which dispersed much more orderly, so far as the peace of the neighbourhood was concerned, than was expected ; for any excesses that were committed were upon one another, and not as often happened upon the well-disposed part of the community.

The circumstances attendant on these obsequies soon spread, and produced no little irritation. The Protestants, who considered it an attempt to revive the fulminations of Rome against them and the soldiers, their chief protection, were exasperated in the extreme, and complaints, expressive of these feelings, poured in upon the Duke of Ormond from all quarters. On the other hand, the Catholics considered themselves aggrieved by the outrage committed by the king's forces upon a clergyman of their church, and defended the act of excommunication (for so was it mildly termed) as merited by the individual perpetrators of the

act, against whom, and no others, was it levelled. The lower orders of catholics took courage from the denunciations which had been so boldly issued by the monks against the heretics generally, as they imagined; and moreover considered that they, as the legal ministering angels of their priests, were imperiously called upon to enforce the anathemas, so far as was practicable, in this world. To this they were insiduously urged by the lay priests, the jesuits, and the itinerant emissaries of Rome, in all parts of the country.

Of these practices, and of the extremity of exasperation to which the peasantry were wrought, the government, the provincial authorities, the protestant gentry, and the soldiers, were duly apprised; and they had good grounds for believing that not only Captain Kennedy and other officers of the — dragoons were marked out as victims, but that General Malverne, and Reynolds of Coolmaddy-chase, were among the number of the proscribed. Even the landlady of the inn at Rigglehaggart had received notice that if she prolonged her stay in that quarter, the same scene would be enacted, as had recently been performed, with so much success, at the farm-yard of Walter Reynolds, in which mine hostess would be

forced to play a principal part. She of the spigot, however, knew the value of a gentle notice of that sort too well to disregard it, and she accordingly emigrated to the capital.

Shortly after this, Sir Ludowic, when returning from Tullybogue Castle, and was approaching Saint Lochlin's well (for our hero had not been frightened from the shortest road by what he had seen) when he observed a horseman attired in a shamrock-green jerkin, and armed with a whip which at first looked like the spear of Palmerin of England, or some equally renowned knight, excepting that instead of being placed in the *rest* according to the rules of chivalry, it was wielded over the rider's head and the flanks of his charger—coming at full speed towards him. It was no less a personage than Loony O'Lash, head groom, and postillion in chief, at Baldunaven Castle, who, covered with mud and perspiration, and nearly deprived of breath, pulled up his redoubtable Frisky at the sight of Captain Kennedy, and thus addressed him:—

“ Long life to yer honour! Frisky an' meself was going to Tullybogue to see yer honour, *upon business.*”

“ Business with me, Loonie! of what sort, thou prince of grooms?”

“ Ay, fait, an’ ye’ll know all about it when I give it to ye, for ye must know it’s just a letter for yer honour, an’ a tundering big one it is too,” said the groom, all the while unclasping his jerkin, and making an entrance some where into the interior secret cells of his under doublet, while he held his whip in his teeth. At last he extricated a packet, and handed it to the officer.

“ And whither propose you going, Loonie, now that thy *business* is over ?” said Kennedy.

The groom drew his hand across his brow, looked at the mud on his galligaskins, and then at the warm sides of the pony, in such a way as implied—you see what a plight we’re in, your honour, and concluded by stating “ that Frisky, poor fellow, wouldn’t be worse of a bite of oats or hay, may be.”

“ I think with thee, most worthy postillion, betake thyself to Aviemar and remain for the night,” remarked the captain; and he gave orders that Loonie should be conducted to quarters, and provided with the refreshments to which his journey entitled him.

The letter was from the Lady Mary, and was evidently penned in a hurry, and under feelings either of anxiety or apprehension.

It commenced by stating that a sense of *duty*

to her benefactor induced her to lose not a moment in disclosing what she had heard from a person on whose means of information she could depend. It went on to state, that the reverend Father O'Leary was a clergyman above the influence of those prejudices which led some of his brethren into situations which were afterwards the cause of unfeigned regret to the church ; and that in his visits among the catholic gentry of that part of the country, and in his conferences with the missionaries and others of his faith, he had with great grief learned, that a conspiracy was on foot, among certain persons, to maltreat, if not assassinate Sir Ludowic Kennedy of the —— regiment of dragoons. That he, the said Father O'Leary, had endeavoured, as much as possible, to trace the motive for this attempt upon his life ; but had only been informed that it arose from the terms of intimacy on which he, Sir Ludowic, corresponded with the Lady Dowager Macdonnell and *herself*, the writer of the letter. That Father O'Leary had not been able to discover the nature of the measures which were intended to be had recourse to for that *atrocious* purpose, but that some *inhuman* plan was laid was beyond all question. The epistle then went on to state how much she, the Lady Mary, was

afflicted at the *bare thought* of any outrage being committed upon him, *on her account*; and how impossible it was for her to enjoy a moment's rest till she should hear that he had effectually secured himself against any such design, either by confining himself to Aviemar, or leaving the country. She implored him to adopt her advice, and to desist from visiting Baldunaven, or remaining in the kingdom; for she *dreaded* that so long as he stayed in Ireland, the *fiendish* intentions of his enemies would not be abandoned. She said she would from time to time transmit him all the information she could glean from the reverend father, who, she said, held him in great esteem, and had *caused* her (here her lover smiled) to adopt this expeditious mode of making him acquainted with what he had learned. She concluded by expressing her mother's and her own good wishes, and by saying she relied on his leaving Aviemar without delay. In a post-script she begged of him to inform her whether he had received the letter, *merely*, that she might know that it had not miscarried, and whether he intended taking her advice, and whether he was aware of the designs she had communicated. This was followed by a string of prayers for his welfare, and the letter

was signed “Constantlie your very affectionat frend, M. M.”

What effect this epistle had upon the conduct of Sir Ludowicus Kennedy, of Mount Kennedy, in the County of Wigton, North Britain, shall be told anon.

END OF VOL. I.

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